The Outlook

AUGUST 28, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

DIRECT TESTIMONY

A member of the staff of The Outlook has received from France a letter from a young American soldier who a few months ago was employed in The Outlook's office as an assistant in the business department. While here he was quiet, unassuming, and as unbelligerent as one could imagine anybody to be. He prepared himself to be a Four-Minute Man and did good service by his speaking. He then tried to enter the aviation service, but did not pass the mechanical tests. Thereupon he enlisted in the Marines. In order to insure acceptance he took a course of physical training and underwent a slight operation. Now he is at the front. He has been over the top several times. He has been wounded, and he writes cheerfully about it as a matter of course.

Since his letter is a personal and a private one, we do not give his name, but his testimony as to the character of his comrades and his foes we are sure he would be willing to have recorded here. He says:

> The French act like new men when with the Americans, and I take off my hat to the French Zouaves and artillery especially; as for the chasseurs and their quality, "*cela va sans dire.*"
>
> I am getting slowly weaned away from giving the older Germans the benefit of the doubt. During the attacks they shout "Kamerad," and hold concealed a miniature pistol (two shots, built especially for that purpose), and when fire was withheld by us, opened up point-blank fire in a dropped-wrist fashion from on high.
>
> There were many very young Fritzies (16) in the line, and they believed horrible treatment awaited them as captives, but the sight of double-quick steel coming caused a prayer-meeting session right there. . . . Best wishes to yourself and hope to get another crack at the Unspeakable Hun.

That testimony explains why it is impossible for Americans under certain circumstances to give quarter. And it also explains why there can be no end to this war until the men who fight thus treacherously, and who deny the validity of all law, are so crushed that for generations the world will remember their fate as a warning to the lawless.

THE PROCESS OF VICTORY

Exhilarating news continues to come from the western front. This is not because of any great conquest of territory from the Germans, but because of the continued progress made by the forces of our allies as well as our own—progress the more significant because it is steady. Since July 18 there has been no cessation of the offensive against the Hun. Whether it has revealed itself by territorial gains of large extent, or by the acquisition of important objectives, or by the subjection of German troops to destructive fire, or by the capture of prisoners and material, the mastery of Foch over Ludendorff has been clear. On the map the changes occasioned by the fighting between August 14 and August 20 look small. Compared with the offensives by the Germans in March, April, May, and June, what the Allies have accomplished during these recent days seems slight. In fact the achievement is momentous. The signs of it have appeared on the line from Flanders to Lorraine.

It seems hardly possible that only a few weeks ago we were all wondering where Germany was going to strike next and how firmly our armies could stand up against the terrific shocks of the enemy. Indeed, up to the middle of July the prayer in Allied countries was, "Hold, stand fast, they must not pass!" Now the whole question is, What will Foch do next? To what humiliation will he now subject the Germans? That change is what counts more than any markings on the map. It is no longer the German will but the Allied will that rules.

When, in their last offensive, the Germans came down to the Marne, they threatened Paris, but they threatened something much more vital to Allied victory. They might have turned to the west toward Paris; but, in fact, they started to turn eastward. That meant peril to that line that runs from Rheims to the Swiss border. It is here that German territory lies nearest to the lines. Indeed, for part of the way the trenches cross territory politically German—in Alsace. Were the Allied forces once to start moving across that territory toward the Rhine in great power, and were that force ever able to reach and cross the Rhine, the end would be near. On the other hand, if the German Crown Prince's attack on Verdun or if his offensive reaching to the Marne had succeeded in attaining its object, there would have been an end to this threat against Germany and a long postponement of any such triumph over Germany as the Allies hope for. One thing that indicates the great change that has come over the situation since July 15 is the fact that that Alsace-Lorraine line is no longer threatened, but is, on the contrary, after a long period of inactivity, the scene of offensive operations against the Germans. And it is particularly gratifying that at this crucial place there are American troops, and that they have made a gain there which helps them open a way to a possible later offensive. From a point near the boundary between Lorraine and Alsace where the American forces made their attack and eradicated a small German salient the road runs to Strassburg. It is not fanciful to imagine American soldiers marching down that road some day.

The heavy fighting has been during these past days in the region that lies between the two now extinct salients in Champagne and Picardy, respectively. By capturing heights and strategic points Foch has threatened the German rear along the Vesle, and renders it impossible for the Germans to the northwest of Soissons to hold their positions without suffering disproportionate losses. It is not unreasonable to expect that before long the Germans will be behind both the Aisne and the Somme.

MAN POWER

Germany is now fighting defensively because she is losing in man power, while the Allies are gaining. How much she lost during these recent offensives of hers can only be surmised, but it is certain that her losses were enormous, corresponding to the recklessness with which she threw in masses of men in her effort to break through. She staked all on the success of those offensives, and lost. Now the single American division which was in France in March is succeeded by over a million three hundred thousand American soldiers. The disparity between the Germans and the Allies has been more than wiped out. It is clear that the Administration at Washington is determined to see that American troops shall furnish the Allies with an overwhelming man power. In a hearing by the House Military Committee concerning the proposed change in the Draft Law so as to include men from eighteen to forty-five, General March, Chief of Staff, declared his belief that with eighty divisions in France (the American division consists of forty-five thousand men) we can go through the German line and win the war in 1919.

With the proof before us of what the Allies can do, with such testimony as that of General March, there ought to be no question, and there will be no question, of the Nation's providing the men in abundance. General March says that the younger men make the best fighters and are not so involved in the Nation's industries that their going to fight would prove disrupting. It is clear that the draft age must be lowered as well as raised.

There are questions, however, that are going to prove difficult to solve. What is to become of universities, colleges, and

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technical schools if boys of eighteen to twenty are drafted? If it is necessary to sacrifice our whole educational system to win the war, the war will have to be won nevertheless; but to take boys and young men out of our higher educational institutions and put them in the ranks is to make bad use of officer material, and what that means England learned to her cost. For the sake of our armies we must use our colleges, and it is evident that the Administration, and specifically Secretary Baker, of the War Department, recognize this, and will make provision for using the colleges as the Nation uses West Point.

STRENGTHENING THE RUSSIAN BULWARK

With the increase in Allied man power, what has Germany to offset it? Nothing, as far as we can see, but what she can get in the East—Rumania, the Ukraine, Poland, the Baltic provinces, Finland, and other parts of old Russia. True, this is not soldier material equal to the splendid men going from America to France, but it can be used to release German workingmen for the front, and can also be used as troops so as greatly to prolong the war. It is the duty of the Allies to help Russia resist the encroachments of Germany for the purpose of making the Russians her vassals.

The faint-hearted who said that this could not be done, that we had access to Russia only through far-distant Siberia, and that to try to save Russia for liberty and democracy would be a waste of time, must find themselves surprised and pleased now at the news of these days. Not only is an Allied force in Siberia, but British and Americans are penetrating Russia from the north and British forces are marching up into Russia from the south.

Already the northern forces have gone four hundred miles from the Arctic coast. They have been welcomed enthusiastically by the populace, and they have made possible the erection of a new republic in northern Russia, with the long-persecuted Russian revolutionist Nicolas Tchaykowsky as President. And the British on the south are at Baku, on the Caspian Sea. The story of the march of these British from India by way of Bagdad will read, when it is written, like another Anabasis. Most significant of all, the Czechoslovaks are forming a Slav nucleus around which their kinsmen, the Russians, can rally for a new resistance to the Germans.

SLOVAK NATION

The British Government has now followed the French and Italian Governments in recognizing the Czechoslovak nation as a geographical, political, and military entity. This includes of course "the unity of the three Czechoslovak armies as an Allied and belligerent army, waging regular warfare against Austria-Hungary and Germany." Czechoslovak heroism, as well as the determination of the Allies to check pan-German ambition, merit this reward and distinction.

The Czechoslovaks are a nation 10,000,000 strong. Of this number the Czechs in Bohemia comprise about half and the Slovaks in Moravia (Austria) and in Slovakia (Hungary) nearly the other half.

From a standpoint of language the Czechs and Slovaks form one race; there is only a slight difference in dialect between them.

The Czechoslovaks are an old nation. In the early Christian ages the Slavs emigrated northwestward from the Caspian Sea region; some went up the Danube Valley as far as the western confines of what is now Serbia; some settled what is now Poland and Galicia, and others, under Czechus, the leader of a particular branch of the Slavic race, went farther west and settled what are now the provinces of Slovakia in northern Hungary, Moravia, Silesia, and Bohemia in Austria. The whole forms a territory in shape like a rather fat Cuba. It has an area about the size of New York State. Germany lies to the north and west and Austria-Hungary to the south and east. Czechoslovakia is thus a Slavic wedge between German lands.

Its economic import is also of prime importance. Were it taken from Austria-Hungary, not only would a particularly fertile agricultural region be lost, but also one containing the Empire's chief coal and iron deposits and its principal manufactures.

The Czechoslovaks are a warlike people. They checked the progress of Attila and Charlemagne alike, and, after the burning of the reformers Jan Hus and Jerome of Prague, defeated their enemies in battle after battle. The Bohemians were the first Protestants in Central Europe.

They were also educators. Hus did for the Czech language what Luther, a century later, did for the German. Comenius, a Czech, was the greatest educator of the Middle Ages, and the University of Prague, founded in 1349, rivaled the University of Paris.

WHY THE CZECHOSLOVAKS ARE ON THE SIDE OF THE ALLIES

Early in the sixteenth century the Turks threatened to engulf Europe. They did advance to the walls of Vienna. It was necessary to meet them with centralized power. This necessity induced Hungary, Austria, and Bohemia to unite in what was intended to be a free federation. Accordingly the states of the Bohemian nation conferred the crown, which was elective, on Ferdinand of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria, afterwards Emperor Ferdinand I, who was at the same time elected King of Hungary.

But later, to the resentment of the Czechs, Ferdinand proclaimed his crown hereditary. There were consequent risings. In 1618 they began the Thirty Years' War by electing a Protestant prince as King in opposition to Ferdinand II, then reigning. At the White Mountain (1620) Ferdinand won and took terrible vengeance. He immediately beheaded 27 Bohemian nobles and exiled 659 others. He confiscated all their possessions. He called in adventurers and founded a new nobility.

Gradually the dynasty aimed at the construction of a single state with arbitrary government, despite the agreement by Austrian rulers to maintain Bohemia's external and internal independence. (That the Czech spirit has remained independent was shown when in 1871, alone among parliaments, the Bohemian Diet protested against Germany's annexation of Alsace-Lorraine.)

True, Bohemia has its own provincial Diet, but it is far from having full autonomy. At the beginning of the war in 1914 the ringleaders in the Austrian and Hungarian Governments knew that the majority opposed the war. Hence the Vienna Government consulted no Bohemian Deputy or leader, and, to check outspoken opposition, directly war was declared it suppressed independent newspapers, imprisoned thousands of Czechoslovaks, sentenced many to death and confiscated their property.

This intensified Bohemian hatred of Austria, and in November, 1915, a committee of exiles in Paris demanded complete Bohemian independence. An immediate echo came from the American headquarters at Chicago of the two million Czechoslovaks in this country. At the head of the Paris Committee is Dr. Thomas Masaryk, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Prague, now in supreme command of the Czechoslovaks and probably to be the first president of the Czechoslovak republic. Dr. Masaryk is now in America.

After the war began thousands of Czechoslovaks, drafted into the Austrian and Hungarian armies, deserted. Other thousands surrendered wholesale to the Russians, beginning at the battle of Lemberg in September, 1914, and ending in July, 1917, in the Brusiloff drive in Galicia. Many of these Czechoslovaks were organized into small units of the Russian army.

Last March the Bolshevik Government entered into a treaty with the Czechoslovaks in Russia by which they were to be allowed to cross Siberia unmolested and embark for France. Some thirteen thousand reached Vladivostok, and many more were following, when suddenly, at the instigation of Austria-Hungary and Germany, Trotsky ordered the Czechoslovak troops to be disarmed and sent to internment camps as prisoners. Austrian and German former prisoners along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway, together with the Bolshevists, thereupon attacked the Czechoslovaks. Though loosely organized and poorly armed, the Czechoslovaks, angered at this treachery, struck back. They won—and especially because they had local sympathy. They took possession of place after place, indeed of most of the Trans-Siberian line, and when in June it was clear

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that preparation had been made in Vladivostok against them, occupied that city.

They are the vanguards of a new Allied force. The war contains no more dramatic episode than the Czechoslovak salvation of Siberia and Russia.

THE FUTILE SUBMARINE

If the German Admiralty expected that by sending submarines over to the American coast they would accomplish any military results of importance or would injure the American morale, they must by this time have learned enough to convince them of their mistake. It is true the submarines are sinking some sailing vessels and an occasional steamer, and they may in the future get some large prizes; but our troop ships are going as usual and will continue to go as usual, and our commerce has felt no serious disturbance. One large tank steamer was sunk not very far from New York Harbor, and some of the crew were killed by the explosion; but even that steamer sank in such shallow water that it may be salvaged, it is said. The reports of these sinkings have not awakened even the interest of Americans. When it is remembered with what concern people near the coast regarded the possibilities of a raid by hostile vessels during the Spanish-American War, the calm indifference of Americans to the so-called submarine menace is the more impressive. The thoughts of Americans are directed, not to the things that are happening near by, but to the momentous events in France.

Ordinarily an exchange of loud billingsgate around the corner will arouse more excitement than the news of a riot in a distant city; but nowadays, in spite of their propinquity to our coast, the submarines are unable to divert the attention of Americans from the really great achievements in far-distant France. Where one's treasure is, there are one's heart and one's thoughts; the young men who have gone to carry their strength and skill and courage to the succor of liberty at the front are carrying the hearts and thoughts of their fellow-countrymen with them. The submarines over here simply serve in a mild way to do for us Americans what the Zeppelins did for the English. They increase our fighting spirit and our determination to do everything to make sure that the men who go over to France at the hazard of their lives shall obtain what they seek —complete victory over Germany.

We are sorry to have lent our support to the story, now said to be fabulous, of the gassing of a lighthouse and Coast Guard personnel by a submarine. If this story proves to have been a fanciful tale, however, it will not deprive the submarines of any of their discredit. The fact that a submarine sank a lightship is sufficient evidence of the piratical character of the submarine campaign without the support of any story of a submarine gassing a Coast Guard or lighthouse attendants. There is no question whatever that the German submarine is a lawless assailant of those customs and rules of seafaring life which have held nations of the world together in a common bond of civilization. Any story concerning submarine piracy is likely to gain credence because no story, no matter how extreme it may be, concerning the submarine piracy is essentially incredible.

GERMAN SELF-ACCUSATION

Germany's diplomatic system has been subjected to severe criticism in the well-known liberal "Frankfurter Zeitung." It says:

> When foreign countries see several persons with great influence upon the state pursuing in this country policies quite at variance; when they see that the intention of one side is openly opposed by another; when every declaration of those governing is immediately half recalled by a subsequent statement and a jangling dispute rages in the newspapers regarding the interpretations of it, then the world must assuredly come to the conclusion that the German political system is false. That, we believe, is the main reason why we do not attain peace. Our declarations receive no credit. There is only one means of reforming our foreign policy. It consists in reforming our internal policy.

On this same subject Dr. Mühlon, former Director of the Krupp Works, already well known by his striking revelations concerning the German war preparations in the summer of 1914, writes as follows in "Die Friedenswarte:"

> On Germany lies the greatest blame, not only for starting this war, but also for the way it is conducted. There can be no two opinions about that, and only by admitting her guilt can Germany again bring order into the present chaos which threatens to lead her on to destruction.

How can this be brought about? asks Dr. Mühlon. Only by a general awakening of the nation, he replies. Evidence of any real change in the nation's life will be seen when a new course is intrusted to new leaders.

SOLDIERS' MAIL DELAY

Letters addressed to our soldiers abroad are despatched by the Post Office Department, so it asserts, without avoidable delay. There is of course necessary delay nowadays. Before the war mail boats went to Europe in from five to ten days, but now many boats carrying the mail go with convoy, and that often delays the trip to a fortnight, or even longer. This, however, does not excuse the non-delivery of letters which have already arrived in Europe. The distribution and handling of the soldiers' mail abroad is now under the charge of the War Department. A friend of The Outlook who recently returned from France reported that, so far as he could see, there was about one postal agent to every twelve thousand soldiers.

This might explain some of the delay in receiving mail reported in the United States Senate on August 1 by Mr. Johnson, of California. We infer that he spoke of his son in saying:

> When a boy over there, three thousand miles from home, finds day after day that there is no mail for him, even though the mail comes in and letters have been written to him, it is the cruelest thing you can do to that lad.
>
> I speak from personal experience with at least one soldier in France. I say to you that he did not receive a single letter in a month from his people, yet they wrote to him four times a week. He cabled in distress to know what had happened to his people at home.
>
> I say to you that the letters that passed between us are numbered. He received one in six of mine. I received one in four of his. That has been the situation since last March.

This elicited a number of confirmatory letters to Senator Johnson, which on August 5 he read to the Senate. A letter from Pennsylvania said that a soldier had left Newport News on May 8, since which date five letters per week had been mailed to him, and yet he had received but six letters. A letter from South Carolina reported a soldier as sailing early in May, and yet on July 12 he was still waiting for a letter, though his family had written regularly. Another letter stated that sixty letters had been forwarded to a soldier in a Massachusetts regiment since March, and yet by June 15 but two of them had been received. A letter from West Virginia reported no answers at all to letters written, and asks: "Where does this undelivered mail go to? If not delivered, why does it not come back to the writer, as it is always sent in return envelopes?" There were other similar letters.

Mr. Otto Kahn, who, though born in Germany, is a true American patriot, upon his recent return from France wrote to Senator Johnson as follows:

> No one who has not been with our Army abroad can appreciate what it means to those splendid fellows, uncomplaining as they are, under any and all unavoidable hardships and privations, to receive letters from home, and to feel that their own letters reach their destination with reasonable promptness and regularity.
>
> The ever-present feeling of the long distance separating them from home is perhaps the one which is hardest for them to get accustomed to and to overcome. It has been made touchingly manifest to me in many instances. No remedy is more efficacious against what the Germans call *Heimweh* (there is no equally descriptive word in the English language—the literal translation being "ache for home") than frequent and reasonably speedy intercourse by letter. Our boys are acting and behaving so magnificently that the very least we can do is to spare them avoidable hardships and heartburnings.

We trust that the War Department has already speeded up

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the work of sparing these additional and avoidable hardships and heartburnings.

THE CONVICTION OF THE I. W. W.

After a long trial, in which the defendants had full opportunity to present their side and even to address the jury, a hundred members of the I. W. W. have been convicted in Chicago of acts obstruetive of the war.

This conviction by a jury of Americans in open court shows that America, no matter how tolerant she is of foolish and disturbing individuals, is proof against the Bolshevism that disrupted Russia.

What the I. W. W. has done to foment distrust of American sincerity in this war, to make support of the war difficult, to act in aid, unconscious or otherwise, of Germany, indeed to disrupt faith in the very foundations of a free and ordered society, has been told in special correspondence printed in The Outlook for July 17 under the title "The I. W. W. on Trial," and need not be repeated here.

Whoever attempts to get a hearing for his grievances by attempting to destroy the very social organism that is the only possible means for righting wrongs may get the ears of sentimentalists or sinister politicians; but before a jury of plain Americans he will get just what the one hundred defendants got at Chicago.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS: THE SENATE

The President of the United States is naturally the leader of his political party. As such it is his province and function to conserve the legislative forces which support his Administration.

To do this in the coming Congressional elections four of the Senatorial contests have appealed to President Wilson as needing his intervention. Concerning three of them he has, we are glad to say, spoken sharply and to the point.

In the South Carolina election one of the candidates is the extraordinary ex-Governor Coleman L. Blease. According to the New York "Times," the "classic example of his defiant apologetics" is the following:

> I was opposed to this war. Had I been a United States Senator or Congressman, I would have voted against it, and I believe . . . that on the final Judgment Day every American citizen who is killed in this war will be charged against the President of the United States and the members of the Congress of the United States who voted for it as an unwarranted sacrifice.

Of Mr. Blease Mr. Wilson writes, with caustic humor:

> I have perfect confidence that the people of South Carolina will judge rightly in the Senatorial contest, and I have not the least fear that they will believe that Mr. Blease is or can be a friend of the Administration. The record of his opinion is already written and it is a little late to expunge it.

In the Georgia election the contest is also of National significance, as it involves the war and its prosecution. But the contest is also of particular political significance because the State's junior Senator, Thomas W. Hardwick, who was chosen four years ago to complete the term of the late Senator Bacon, was the Administration candidate, and the power of the Administration was thrown to his support. "If you elect me Senator," Mr. Hardwick is reported to have said, "you may feel sure that in me you will have one who can be depended upon to stand by Woodrow Wilson." But he did not stand by Woodrow Wilson. He opposed many measures proposed for carrying on the war, though he did vote for the declaration of war against Germany, and for the Overman Bill. Of him President Wilson writes:

> Senator Hardwick has been a constant and active opponent of my Administration. William J. Harris has consistently and actively supported me. In my opinion, the obvious thing for all those to do who are jealous of the reputation of the party and the success of the Government in the present crisis is to combine in the support of Mr. Harris.

Mr. Harris is a former head of the Census Bureau and former member of the Federal Trade Commission.

The fight in Mississippi, like those in South Carolina and Georgia, is also wholly within the Democratic party, for Mississippi is overwhelmingly of that political faith. Here again the President has "taken a hand," writing a letter opposing the re-election of Senator Vardaman, who owes his present place largely to anti-Negro-domination demagoguery and whose record on war issues has been far from satisfactory, a record in striking contrast to that of his colleague, John Sharp Williams. The President's position with regard to Senator Vardaman should be noted by other Democratic Senators, aspirants for re-election, who may not have regarded the war from the Administration's standpoint.

The fourth State in which Mr. Wilson has made himself felt senatorially is Michigan. He has selected Henry Ford as Democratic candidate for United States Senator. Mr. Ford is probably the most prominent automobile manufacturer in the world. He has done many good and generous things, but, while he has shown marked indications of genius as a manufacturer and industrial organizer, he has shown equally marked indications of a lack of statesmanship. He is, or at least was in the early stages of the war, a visionary pacifist. The Ford peace ship which went to Europe to get the men "out of the trenches by Christmas" brought ridicule not only upon its originator but upon the entire country. He has publicly announced that he cast his first Presidential vote for Garfield in 1884. He doubtless cast his first vote in 1884, but Mr. Blaine was the candidate of that year, Mr. Garfield having been elected in 1880. A man who cannot remember the name of the Presidential candidate for whom he first voted is certainly not a man of political cast of mind. Just why the President should commend his loyalty and patriotism as distinctive and pre-eminent among the other Democratic citizens of Michigan puzzles many loyalists and patriots of the party. Mr. Ford ought to be kept at the task of building those submarine chasers called Eagles—a task which he is doing splendidly and for which he is uniquely equipped.

The President has been criticised for these examples of intervention in Congressional elections. The ground of such criticism apparently is that the Presidential office is so sacrosanct that it must not come into contact openly with election contests. With this criticism we have no sympathy. In his executive capacity the President of the United States represents and should act for all the people of the United States. In his political capacity he is Prime Minister as well as President, and one of his essential functions is to shape the policies of his party. It is as much his duty to advise for or against the election of a member of Congress as it is to advocate the passage or defeat of a given bill. Everybody knows that all Presidents have exercised this influence in the seclusion of private consultations. It is well for the country to have a President occasionally do it openly. A President who does this is to be commended or condemned, not for the act itself, but for the ground upon which he bases his approval or disapproval of candidates. Thus The Outlook approves of the President's support of Mr. Harris of Georgia, while it regrets his commendation of Mr. Ford, of Michigan.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS: THE HOUSE

As to Representatives in Congress, President Wilson has unfortunately failed in his outspoken opposition to George Huddleston, of Alabama, a candidate for re-election who, Mr Wilson said, was "in every way an opponent of the Administration." Despite this, Mr. Huddleston has won at the primaries which, of course, means his re-election. Can it be that Alabama Democrats have more confidence in the wisdom of their local representatives than in that of the President? All of those representatives voted wrong on some of the Army issues. Mr Huddleston's chief divergence from the rest of the Alabama delegation was his vote favoring the Cooper Amendment, forbidding American ships to carry arms or ammunition in their cargoes.

Turning to Ohio, we find that loyalty and patriotism have won a victory in the Democratic primaries. William Gordon and Robert Crosser have been beaten for renomination. Both voted wrong on the Kahn Amendment to the Army Bill of March, 1916, which sought to increase the Regular Army to 178,000; on the Brandegee Amendment to the Army Bill of April, 1916, which provided for an Army of 250,000; on the

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Satterfield in the Brooklyn Citizen

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

THE MARCH TO VICTORY

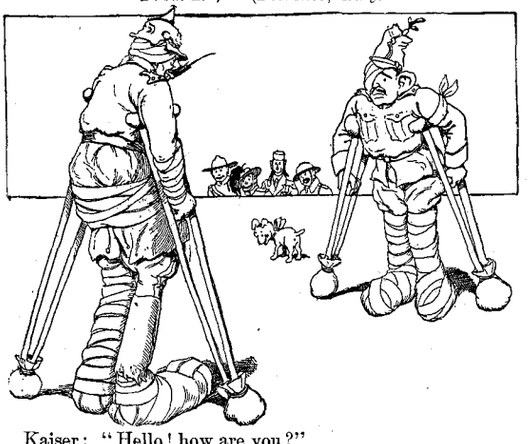
Cesare in the New York Evening Post

A FAMILY GROUP TO A BEREAVED MOTHER OF NINE SONS

(Apropos of the Kaiser's autographed letter to a bereaved German mother. Note the Kaiser's six unscathed sons)

THE COWARDICE OF AUTOCRACY

From Il 420 (Florence, Italy)



Kaiser: "Hello! how are you?"
Karl: "Very well, thanks. I caught a slight cold on the Piave, but otherwise I am fine. How are you?"
Kaiser: "Oh, apart from a slight headache I caught in France I never felt better in my life."

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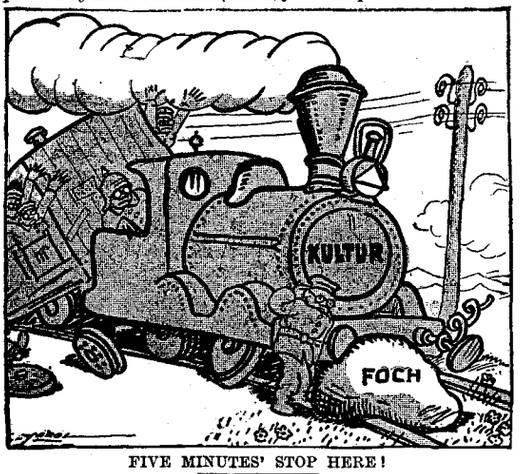

FIVE MINUTES' STOP HERE!

THE BREAKDOWN OF THE GERMAN EXPRESS

Raemaekers in the New York Evening Mail

(C) Bell Syndicate, New York

William—"May the Lord bless our arms."

THE KAISER INVOKES A BENEDICTION

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bill for a volunteer Army wholly under Federal control; on the Navy Increase Bill; and, above all, on the declaration of war against Germany. These misrepresentatives are deservedly retired, and Charles A. Mooney and John G. Babka, straight Americans, "win out" in the primaries.

In New York City an agreement has been reached between Republicans and Democrats, which also calls for chronicling as a triumph for loyalty and patriotism. According to the arrangement, Republican nominees are to be indorsed by Democrats in three districts and Democrats by Republicans in three, thus continuing Representatives in Congress who have loyally supported the war and the Administration. It is thus of National interest to know that Captain Florello La Guardia, of the American aviators, who is now gallantly fighting with the Italian army and who was the first Republican ever elected in the Fourteenth District, will continue without a contest as a member of the House while actively engaged in battling abroad for his country.

A GREATER CHANCE FOR EVERY ONE

By the death of Luther Halsey Gulick the country loses a foremost educator and authority on matters of hygiene and physical training.

Dr. Gulick was only fifty-three years old. He was born in Honolulu, the son of missionary parents. His brother, the Rev. Sidney Lewis Gulick, the distinguished author and missionary to Japan, was born in the Marshall Islands.

As a boy Luther Gulick was an invalid. He became interested in athletics as a means of building up his physique. Training enabled him to take a prominent part in the field sports at Oberlin College, where he received his education. Until a few weeks before his death he was still able to outrun many a younger man in a distance race.

His success with himself directed his attention to what might be done for others. He became successively physical director of the Young Men's Christian Association at Jackson, Michigan, superintendent of the physical training department of the Y. M. C. A. Training School at Springfield, Massachusetts, secretary of the physical training department of the "Y" International Committee (later he originated the "Y" Triangle sign), principal of Pratt Institute High School, Brooklyn, and in 1903 director of physical training for the public schools of New York City. In the metropolis he did his great work. He founded the Public Schools Athletic League. He also became President of the Playground Association of America, which, as readers of The Outlook know, has done much to improve the health of children, especially in the larger and more congested cities. Before long, New York City had appropriated half a million dollars for playgrounds, and by 1909 no less than three hundred and thirty towns and cities had them.

Continuing his work in New York City, Dr. Gulick became Director of the Department of Child Hygiene of the Russell Sage Foundation, resigning that position in 1913 to become President of the Camp-Fire Girls of America, an organization founded by Mrs. Gulick to restore romance to the daily life of young girls, especially training them to be self-reliant by educating them along lines somewhat similar to those employed in the Boy and Girl Scout movements, but with rather more attention centered on the individual and less on the organization. The Camp-Fire Girls, in their picturesque Indian costumes and "with their hair hanging down their backs," are a notable addition to the variety of life in many a village and town.

The man who brought physical training into general being, who was on the Olympic Games Committee at Athens and at London, who established playgrounds everywhere, and who promoted a desirable development in the lives of young women, will not be easily forgotten. Before his day we seem to have had parks for the rich and vacant lots for the poor, and a general narrow-chested, dough-complexioned people. Now there is a greater fighting chance for every one.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT—AN INCIDENT

President Crawford, of Allegheny College, who has charge of overseas training for the Y. M. C. A., told a conference at Columbia University a most interesting story of an interview he had with Quentin Roosevelt while in France. Here is the story in President Crawford's own words:

"Late in February I was acting as a sort of chaplain at large at the great rest camp in southern France where the men go on their leave from the trenches. While there I met the wife of Major Theodore Roosevelt, who was in charge of the Y. M. C. A. canteen women in the camp. In one of our conversations I happened to mention that I was to be in a certain aviation camp the following week. 'Why,' said Mrs. Roosevelt, 'that's where Quentin is. I wish you would tell him about me and what I am doing, for I have not had time to write.'

"The following week, when I reached the camp, I sent word to the section of the camp area where Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt was stationed, some seven miles from headquarters, and later received an invitation to mess with him and the other officers of the camp and speak in the evening at the Y. M. C. A. hut. Our truck broke down, and I was too late for the mess, but Lieutenant Roosevelt came to see me in the hut, and we had a most interesting interview. It was a wretchedly sloppy evening, the lieutenant's rain-coat was pretty well spattered with mud, but he was bright, eager, and full of life. He said, 'I am so glad to hear about my sister! I did not even know where she was—much less what she was doing.'

"As we went out in the rain to his side-car I said to him, 'Lieutenant, there are large numbers of Americans who are very proud of the way the four sons of Theodore Roosevelt are acquitting themselves in this war.' I never shall forget how his face lighted up as he made reply, '*Well, you know it's rather up to us to practice what father preaches.*'

"On all sides I heard only good things about Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt and the devotion of his men to him. I was told that often during the winter months the men would remain out in the storm and train under him, and do it cheerfully, as they did not under any other officer. Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt have certainly made a great sacrifice in giving such a son to the cause of human freedom. Their sacrifice and sublime fortitude ought to be an example to many."

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE KAISER

THE psychology of the Kaiser has been a puzzle to Americans since the war began. His appearance, his manners, his activities during a reign in which he came into contact either personally or by letters or by proxy with more foreign peoples than any other sovereign of our day, had not been those of a hardened and brutalized man. He had been erratic and impulsive, but the world had not thought him cunning and calculating. In one respect, and one respect only, had his course been persistent and consistent. He believed in and steadily built up a great and powerful military machine. He believed in despotism, or, as he would put it, in the divine right of kings, but his tastes and impulses had been toward benevolent despotism. He preached sermons, entered publicly into theological discussions, and constantly asserted his faith in a God whose personal representative he believed himself to be. "God inspires me," he said in 1914; "the people and the nation owe me their obedience."

What led him to make these appeals of revivalistic emotion and intensity? Was it mere hypocrisy? To us that explanation is impossible. There is braggadocio and fustian bombast in some of his appeals to a barbaric religious sentiment, but a smug hypocrite could never have accomplished what Kaiser William II has actually achieved. The true explanation of the Kaiser's moments of religious frenzy is found, we believe, in a definition given by Dr. David Jayne Hill, formerly American Ambassador to Germany, who has been interpreting the Kaiser in a noteworthy series of articles in "Harper's Magazine." Dr. Hill says: "Without question, Kaiser William II is the most histrionic sovereign of his time, and perhaps of any time."

The Kaiser understands the power of the melodramatic actor over the mass of minds. He has known exactly how reliable were his military leaders and his military machine, for he made them. His generals were susceptible of receiving and obeying orders, but his people had still to be persuaded. It is for that reason that he has so often boasted of his love of peace and his

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love of God in language that to the American smacks of cheap melodrama. But even this melodrama is beginning to be played out. This actor who stalks across the stage with cloak thrown over one shoulder, with hand thrust into the bosom of his tunic, and with stilted footstep, like the small-town imitator of a Booth or an Irving, is beginning to lose his power. Is he beginning to lose confidence in himself? The present manner of his speech seems to indicate it.

Addressing his troops at the outbreak of the war, in astonishing familiarity with the Almighty, he declared: "We shall not lose our faith and trust in the good old God up there," and later he added: "Forward with God! He will be with us, as he was with our ancestors." There was here a note of real confidence, for the Kaiser believed, as he had led his people to believe, that Germany would quickly crush France, then, turning to the east, would crush the slower-moving Russia, and finally would impose its will upon Great Britain.

A year passed. On August 1, 1915, the Kaiser's manifesto was not so assertive: "We can say to-day that God is with us. In heroic action we suffer and work without wavering. Thus we shall be worthy of victory before God." The braggadocio and jubilant note have gone; the German troops had been driven back in the first battle of the Marne, and in the east the Russians had worked wonders.

Another year went by. On August 1, 1916, the Kaiser said: "The second year of the war has elapsed. Like the first year, it was for German arms a year of glory, . . . but the strength and will of the enemy are not yet broken. . . . With God's gracious help, I am convinced that your future deeds will equal those of the past and present." The naval fight off Jutland and the magnificent defense of Verdun inspired the Kaiser with greater respect, not only for his enemies, but for an Almighty Power who is no longer to be addressed as a good old familiar, but whose gracious help is to be humbly implored.

Another year went by. On August 1, 1917, the Kaiser exclaimed: "We are invincible. We shall be victorious. The Lord God is with us." The melodramatic actor has recovered his spirits, for he is beginning to impress himself anew in the theater of war. Russia was already trembling with apprehension of what might, and finally did, come; Rumania was crushed; the Balkan front seemed unshakable; and in the western trenches not a little lent semblance to the Kaiser's claim that the Germans were now masters of the situation.

Still another year went by. On August 1, 1918, the Kaiser speaks as follows to his troops: "Serious years of war lie behind you. . . . Your victorious fighting spirit carried the war in the first year into the enemy's country and preserved the homeland from the horrors and devastation of war. In the second and third years of the war you, by your destructive blows, broke the strength of the enemy in the east. . . . You are in the midst of the hardest struggle. The desperate efforts of the enemy will, as hitherto, be foiled by your bravery."

There is no reference here to a God who is treated as a familiar monarch, and there are in this proclamation other signs of a chastened spirit. It is probable that, as in all histrionic types, a large element of superstition enters into the character of the Kaiser. Has his anthropomorphic God abandoned him? Did the good old German God really approve of the sinking of the Lusitania and of the cruel destruction of Belgium, Serbia, Poland, and Armenia? If not, is God really with the German army, after all? And if God be not with German arms, what becomes of the divine right to rule? What of the house of Hohenzollern? Why should it not be replaced by some other ruling family—perhaps even by a republic?

Such questions the Kaiser may well be asking himself to-day. Is he to be hissed from the stage while the curtain drops, derided, despised, and forgotten, the most terrible and tragic end which the histrionic type of mind, living as it does upon glitter, crowds, and applause, can possibly imagine?

Forebodings like these constitute the present punishment of the Kaiser. His future punishment, should he survive the war, must be determined by a victory of the Allies on the western front, for if ever a man deserved physical as well as psychological punishment it is the Kaiser, who has misled his people and plunged the world into the most awful catastrophe of history.

THE VIEW VERTICAL

Why is it that we choose night-time to solve all the puzzles of the cosmos, that sturdy old cosmos which by day we are inclined to leave to its own doing or undoing? How many problems solved at 3 A.M. have ever proved valid upon arising? What more worthless than the conclusions of an insomniac? Who knows this fact so well as the insomniac himself? The truth is, we are so helplessly irrational in the small hours that it even appears rational to lie awake. At night we are mastered by the fallacy that we are doing useful thinking, a fallacy immediately recognized when in the morning we resume the vertical. Why should we not oftener summon some of our daylight reason to counteract the unreason of the night? It might be well to attempt some of the newer psychological methods and seek by argument to prove to our subconscious selves the futility of insomnia with the hope that this obdurate subconscious self might thus at last be sufficiently convinced to grant us slumber.

It is the horizontal attitude of the body combined with enveloping darkness that is the natural condition of physical impotence and of mental obscurity. For their power over us the horrors of the horizontal reach back into the prehistoric. It has taken us æons to climb to the perpendicular. When we revert to the horizontal, we revert in some degree to our helplessness in the primordial ooze. We no longer front the stars with a brain that tops a vertical spinal column, but lying down incur once more the nameless perils of those days when we were mere hysterical amœbæ, shivering and changing shape with every ripple of circumstance. The primal slime ever pulls us down, while the ultimate stars ever pull us upright; between the two lies our long evolution toward the attainments accruing to the vertical: first we floated in the ooze, ourselves possessing neither top nor bottom; then we progressed to dominate a little our slimy surroundings, either swimming in or crawling upon them, but slowly advancing to the amphibian's distinction of a brain situated nearer to the sky than was his stomach; then slowly, by some celestial attraction, we were hauled up and up and up until we passed into the stage when four feet lifted us above the mud, but still held our head parallel to it, therefore still horizontal, still palpitant to the perils awash in the near-by water, to the dangers stalking in the grass adjacent to our ears. Gradually the emerging ape rose higher, arriving at such meager intuitions of his future powers as were possible to a brain no longer parallel with earth, but aslant at times toward heaven. The monkey man was never faithful to the perpendicular, frequently flopping back from two feet to four, or subjecting himself to the mental instability—naturally attractive to a prehensile character—of hanging from his support head down!

When we lie supine in the dark, our prehistoric impotence dominates both our intellect and our emotions. The sleepless man cannot attain to clear thinking in an atmosphere reminiscent of a period when he was eyeless against the obscuration of surrounding mud or mist, nor can he aspire to courage in a position that pulls him back to a time when he could not even strike at hostile circumstance. The horizontal brain reverts to a helplessness before the fixed idea that suggests the amœba's unicellular limitations. The horizontal heart slips back to its reptilian sluggishness. By force of primeval habit, the insomniac on his back upon his bed can be neither clear-headed nor brave-hearted. Note how even among the lowest orders of creative attainments, the fish or the snake, to lie upon the native element belly upward is always evidence of the supreme surrender.

The sleepless man usually lies upon his back, and so much the worse for him, for even in lying down there is a differing degree of weakness between prone and supine. The soldier when forced to be horizontal never lies supine, but prone, in position for pulling trigger upon an approaching enemy. Even in our moments of bitterest rebellion against circumstance, when we own our powerlessness but do not acquiesce, we may cast ourselves down, but in these conditions we manage to fall face downward, still possessing spirit enough to bite the enemy earth or pound it. It is only when we have utterly given up that we turn over upon our backs. Even when we indulge in the supine under happiest conditions—as beneath the sun and shade of a summer tree, watching the lazy wanderings of the clouds—our attitude, while freed from the horrors of the horizontal, still partakes of

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its helplessness, its inconsequent thinking, its relaxed resolution. The brave sick are indeed to be commended, for they fight not only pain and weakness but all the nameless debility of mind and soul growing out of our evolution from the horizontal to the vertical.

Both our vocabulary and our experience prove to us our respect for the perpendicular position. We have scorn for the invertebrate, especially when human, because the creature is incapable of standing up. Our slang expresses contempt for any one who takes his luck "lying down," and equally exalts the man who "stands up" to his fate. For each of us the perpendicular is always the attitude of resolution, of sanity, of serenity. Erect we are proof against the panics of the remote amœba within us; vertical we cannot revert to the unstable mentality of the monkey in our make-up. Only when we stand up are we secure in our full inheritance as men. Only as our heads approach the sun do we share his vigor and lucidity.

Lives there anywhere an insomniac who does not know that nothing he thinks when lying awake is true, that nothing he feels is so? Does not sanity return to us even as we plant foot upon the floor in the morning? Does not humor begin to warm our chilly fears even while we brush our hair for breakfast? Why should we ever give time or heed to any view but the vertical? To assemble all the arguments proving the validity of the view vertical as against the fallibility of the view horizontal is to discover that one way of going to sleep is to amass reasons why one need not remain awake.

THE MESSAGE OF THE WORLD TO THE CHURCH

Some twenty years ago a charming and devout young lady, who had the temperament which thinks no evil, said to me, "Do you really think, Dr. Abbott, that there are any wicked people in the world? I mean any people who really choose to be mean or false or dishonest or cruel?" I do not believe she would put that question to me now. The Huns have answered it. Isaiah said that in his time there were men "that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter; . . . that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight." There are such men in our time whose character this war has revealed to us. The brutalities in Belgium and France are but the outward manifestation of an inward life—a life which calls evil good, and good evil; which puts darkness for light, and light for darkness; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.

When Paul wished to express his abhorrence of sin, he could find no word adequate for his purpose. That sin is degrading, cruel, horrible, none of these words were enough, and he spoke of sin as "exceedingly sinful." His language was tautological, but Paul never was prevented by rules of rhetoric from using whatever phrase would best convey his meaning. The Germans are teaching us that sin is "exceedingly sinful." The modern ministry has done well to reject the doctrine of "total depravity." That phrase is what Henry Ward Beecher called it, "an interloper." It is not to be found in the Bible, nor in any of the earlier creeds of the Christian Church, and I believe not in the catechisms and confessions of the later Christian Church. But it has also done well to emphasize the reality of sinfulness. The spirit of lawless self-will, which is the essence of sin, is pervasive, destructive of the individual, destructive of society, a bequest from parent to child and so from one generation to another; it is infectious, racial, corporate. Give it play and it will prove a deadly poison to the community, the nation, the race.

It is not merely negative. It is not like darkness—the absence of light; not like cold—the absence of heat. It is affirmative, positive, aggressive. It substitutes lawlessness for law, greed for generosity, selfishness for love, self-indulgence for self-sacrifice. It does not believe in doing justly, or loving mercy, or walking humbly with God. It cares not for God; it cares only for self; it hates mercy and rejoices in cruelty; it hates justice and rejoices in despotism. All this, the commonplace of theology, the Huns are teaching the world with terrible emphasis to-day.

It is difficult to see how the idealism which affirms that God is all and God is good, and therefore that all is good, can survive in any intelligent circles the teaching of the Hun. God is not all and all is not good. The world is a battlefield in which the forces of good and evil are locked in a deadly combat. To cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace is to be an ally of the evil. Belief in a personal devil is no longer difficult since we have seen so many devils not yet disembodied. To believe in a hell in which wickedness triumphs is not difficult, but that it will be everlasting has become to most of us unthinkable.

The cures for sin which quack doctors have offered us are by this war discredited.

Sin is not good in the making. Poultney Bigelow in his biography of Genseric shows us that the Hun of to-day is in his spirit and his methods identical with the Hun of the fifth century. Fourteen centuries have not made any improvement in his character. Time is no cure for sin.

Sin is not immaturity. There is a radical difference between a green apple and a worm-eaten apple. Growth will ripen the green apple, but the worm will grow with the growth of the apple. There is a difference between the crudities and the mischievousness of a boy in his teens and the developed wickedness of an Iago or a Bill Sykes. Education is no panacea for sin. Development will not destroy it. The German nation is a highly educated nation, but its education has not made it less cruel than were its forebears.

Self-interest is no cure for sin. It is not for the self-interest of the drinker to get drunk nor of the thief to steal. It was not for the self-interest of Germany to bring on this war. The hunger, the blood, the tears, she planned for her neighbors she has brought upon herself. The pit she dug for them she has fallen into herself.

Neither the law of the state nor the absence of law in the state is any cure for sin. Germany has tried state-made law. Its enforcement of law is efficient; its laws cover every relation in life. Obedience to law has been inculcated for a century as the chief duty of man; the state, as the creator of law, has been presented as the sole object of his reverence. And we see the result. Russia has thrown off all state law. In her search for liberty she has substituted anarchy for despotism. And she has become at first a tool and then an ally of Germany. Anarchy and despotism are friends, not foes; and they work together for the same harvest.

Self-conceit, self-will, greed, inhumanity, are not confined to Germany. Wherever they show themselves, in whatever lands, however masked and robed, whatever name they bear, they are the same monsters. The dragon is the same, and the same call comes to St. George to arm himself for the battle of deliverance. "Those eighteen," says Jesus, "upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

This is the message of the world to the Church: the terribleness of moral evil and the inefficacy of the quack remedies prescribed for it by certain schools of philosophy. And the world calls upon the Church with an uninterpreted cry to know whether for this tragedy of tragedies there is any remedy. Franklin and Morse and Edison and Marconi have brought to the world the gift of electricity, and in electricity the world has found a light to illumine our darkness and a power to carry our burdens. Has the Church any gift of light to lighten our moral darkness, any power to strengthen us for our moral burdens?

In the sixth century before Christ the land of Israel was devastated; her holy city was in ruins; her people were in captivity, paganism was triumphant; darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people. Then it was that Isaiah summoned them to courage with the call, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee." Has the Church in America to-day the faith of Isaiah? Does she believe that she has a gift of light which will make known to a puzzled and perplexed humanity God's way upon the earth? The first century of the Christian era was perhaps the darkest period of human history, a period of popular ignorance in the homes, of superstition in the temples, of vice in the palaces, of cruelty in the popular amusements. Paul, looking upon Rome and portraying its degradation with terrible fidelity, declared that he possessed a glad tidings which revealed a power that would save the world, both Jew and Gentile, if they would accept it. Is the Church in America acquainted with

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his glad tidings; has it faith in the power of this glad tidings, faith as real as Lloyd George has in General Foch, as real as the French have in the American forces which they call the salvation army?

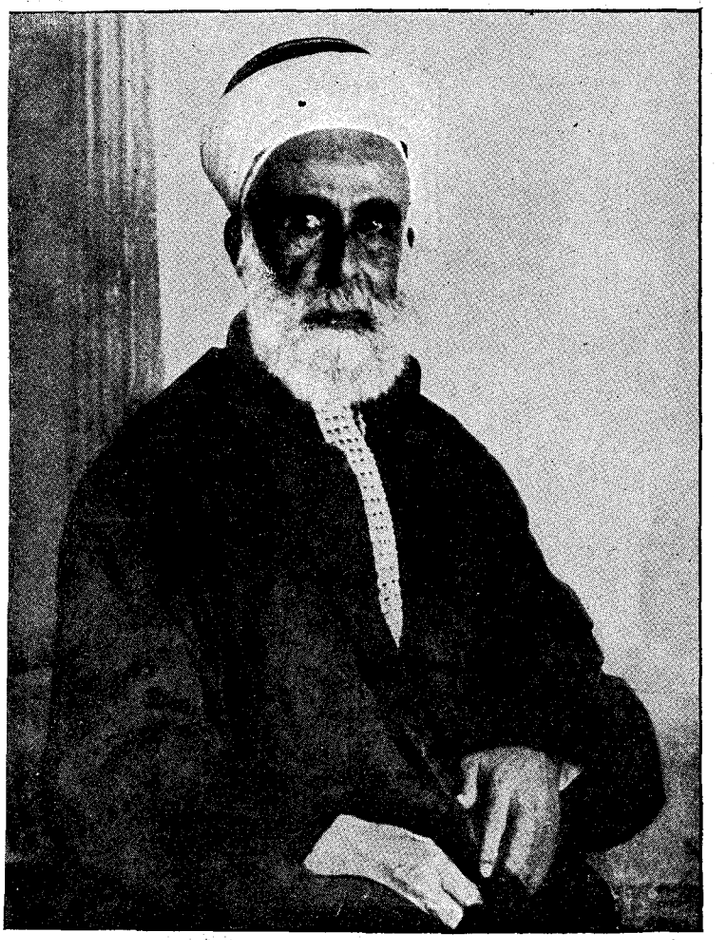
But we need not go back to Bible times and Bible writers for illustrations of this faith. What Cardinal Mercier has done to lighten the darkness and equip with power the Belgian people all the world knows. Has the Church in America Cardinal Mercier's faith? Coningsby Dawson writes from the trenches to his mother, "It isn't when you die that matters—it's how." Has the Church in America such faith in life here and hereafter that it can enable not only the boys in the trenches but the mothers at home to believe that to be true? In last week's Outlook Dr. Odell reported an address by Father Gény in the Cathedral of Nancy on the Fourth of July last in which he said, "God is the immovable champion of justice and liberty; he will be with you, and it is he who will give us victory." Has the Church in America the faith of Father Gény, and can it inspire the American community with that faith?

This is no time for theological subtleties, ethical platitudes, literary essays, or even patriotic addresses patterned after those of Fourth of July orators and editorial writers, or for pained pacifists to stand off at a safe distance and cry, "Children, don't quarrel." But there never was a time when the world was so ready, yes! so eager, to hear the message of Isaiah and Paul, the message of light and power. There never was a time when it so much needed and was so ready to welcome faith in a God who is our strength and song, and who, if we understand his way and walk in it, will become our salvation.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

A NEW NATION, ITS KING AND ITS FLAG

ARABIA, the birthplace of Mohammed, has for centuries been a battleground between the Arabians and their most notable converts to Mohammedanism—the Turks. The Ottoman Empire has latterly included Arabia among its nominal possessions, but the claim has been fiercely contested by the independence-loving tribes of the peninsula. Now the western section of the country, which includes the all-important cities of Mecca and Medina, the goal of all Mohammedan pilgrims, has thrown off the Turkish yoke and proclaimed itself independent. It was on June 27, 1916, that this important step was taken, under the leadership of El Hussain ibn Ali, the Grand Sharif and Emir of Mecca, who then became the first monarch of the new Kingdom of the Hedjaz.



HUSSAIN THE FIRST, KING OF THE HEDJAZ, AND HEREDITARY CUSTODIAN OF THE HOLY CITIES OF MECCA AND MEDINA

This was a step of far-reaching import, since it rendered impossible thereafter the declaration of a *jehad*, or holy war, by the Caliph (or Sultan) of Constantinople against the enemies of Turkey. This could not be accomplished while a dignitary of the Moslem faith of so high importance as the Grand Sharif of Mecca, who is a lineal descendant of the Prophet, was fighting on the side of the Allies. It was without doubt the hope and intention of Germany to bring about exactly such a religious war against the Allies, which might have had disastrous consequences, particularly for the English in India.

As the leader of a movement of such importance to the Allies, great interest attaches to the personality of the new King. A portrait of Hussain the First appears herewith. It is reproduced from one which was published in the "Illustrated London News" some time after Hussain's accession to the throne. Last autumn another photograph of great interest in this connection was received in this country by a photographic agency. It showed the outline of the flag adopted by the new Kingdom of the Hedjaz. Unfortunately, as printed in the New York "Times" of October 28, 1917, it gave no hint as to its colors. A description of the flag was sought in vain from the Turkish Consul in New York City, from the Congressional Library, from the British Embassy in Washington, and from other sources. Finally the new King of the Hedjaz himself was appealed to in the following letter, which, through the courtesy of the British Foreign Office, finally reached its destination in Arabia:

The Century Association,
7 West Forty-third Street, New York,
12 November, 1917.

To His Exalted Highness, the Great Sharif of Mecca, King of the Hedjaz, Mecca, Arabia.

Your Majesty:

The news which has recently reached us in America of the creation of the Kingdom of Arabia has filled our hearts with delight and with devout thanksgiving. That the Exalted Sovereign of the Hedjaz should have created a Kingdom, and established a Government, independent of the Turkish rule, is cause for sincere congratulation among all of the other civilized nations of the world. To-day we are proud to welcome the new Kingdom of Arabia among the group of Allied nations, whose fixed determination it is to thwart the design of the German Emperor in his nefarious purpose to achieve world domination.

There has recently been reproduced in this country a representation of the new flag of the Kingdom of your Majesty, and I am enclosing herewith a photograph from the pages of the New York "Times" of 28 October, 1917, which gives a picture of that flag, borne by your Majesty's soldiers. We are most desirous to know the exact colors which are combined in that standard. After repeated and fruitless inquiries in this country I am prompted to address myself directly to your Majesty, and I should esteem it a great favor if your Majesty would have the courtesy to instruct the proper official to give me the desired information.

I enclose a small American flag which I beg your Majesty to do me the honor to accept as a slight mark of admiration and respect.

With profound expressions of esteem, I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Your Majesty's humble servant,
ALDEN SAMPSON,
Master of Arts, Harvard University; Member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia.

On June 4, 1918, a reply in Arabic, signed by the King of the Hedjaz, was received, with a small specimen of the flag of the

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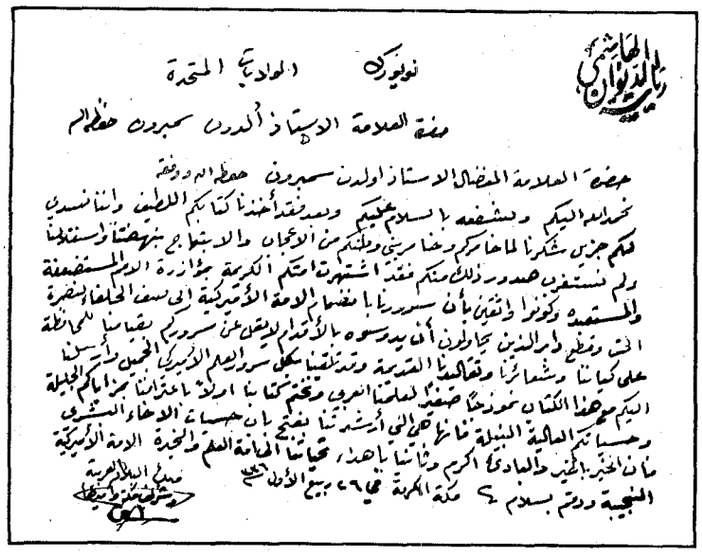
new Kingdom. This was forwarded through the courtesy of the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, Minister of State for



Foreign Affairs, London, England. The letter is printed in facsimile above. As translated, it reads:

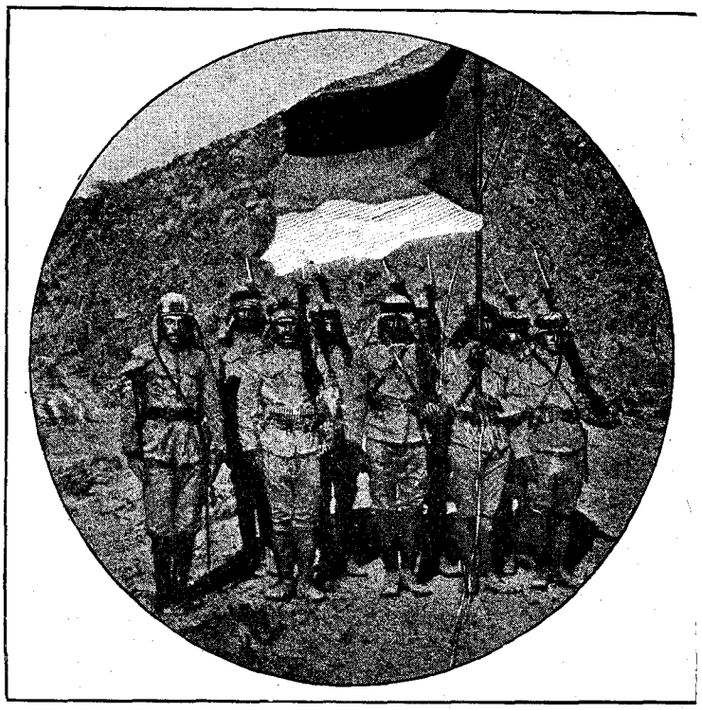
Mr. Alden Sampson, Master of Arts, Harvard University, Member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. Care The Century Association, 7 West Forty-third Street, New York, U. S. A.

We have received your kind letter and we much appreciate the pleasure of your nation at our efforts to obtain our independence, which we readily understand, as the Americans are well known to be defenders of the oppressed. We wish to express our satisfaction that your people have joined the Allies, who are the defenders of right and punishers of those who would crush the weak. We were very pleased to receive the American flag, and we send you with this letter a small specimen of our flag. We conclude our letter by acknowledging your high principles, which showed us the way to brotherhood and how to do good in return for good; but you, who first did good, are deserving of most praise.

We give our salutation to the generous American people, who are noted for their science and knowledge.

(Signature of the King of the Hedjaz)
EL HUSSAIN IBN ALI.

The flag, which, it is reported, was devised by King Hussain himself, is composed of three horizontal sections and a perpendicular triangle. Each color has its significance. The upper



THE NEWEST FLAG OF FREEDOM

This is the standard of the new Kingdom of the Hedjaz, whose people have declared themselves independent of the Turkish Empire

horizontal strip, in black, is representative of the city of Mecca; the one in green, underneath, is the color of the Prophet; the white, at the bottom, is for the Abbassid dynasty; the red, in the triangle at the right, is the color of the family of the Grand Sharif of Mecca.

The new emblem will float over a country which, while it comprises only a small portion of the entire peninsula of Arabia, includes, as has been said, the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, and a few other towns of lesser importance; and it will bring to the Allies the co-operation of a population estimated at a million and a half, of whom about two hundred and fifty thousand live in the cities and towns of Hedjaz, while the remainder live a nomadic life.

A YEAR ON THE WATER WAGON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ONE year ago Utah went as dry as the Mojave Desert. Possibly other prohibition States have prohibition laws which read as dry, but the spirit of the law in Utah is arid without limit.

Transportation, even in the hip pocket, is forbidden, tourists not being exempt. One of that class, with ingenuity enough to put him on the Naval Advisory Board, brought in from Evanston, Wyoming, two spare detachable-rim tires filled with law-banned whisky. To-day he is appealing against not only his heavy fine but also the confiscation of his auto as "a package in which liquor was illegally transported."

I have been a regular drinker for nearly half a century—all my life, in fact, for I was born in an English home where the cellar was never without its barrel of ale; where at dinner and supper the glasses were always filled as regularly as the cups. Naturally, as the 1st of August, 1917, approached, I was curious as to how I should feel under the new conditions; how they would affect me personally. And I was quite as curious to see how my associates would be affected. These were the old acquaintances to whom a middle-aged man almost unconsciously ties himself, and who were almost all, like myself, moderate, discreet, and self-controlled drinkers.

For a long time I had taken lunch with two or three companions at a quiet, secluded restaurant, almost a club in its regular patronage by old-timers and the scarcity of strangers. Each group had its regular table, and the cocktail or bottle of Pilsener came, without an order, as quietly and unfailingly as the plate of soup.

But—except for the drinks—the prohibition law brought no strikingly apparent change. Occasionally during the first week or two one companion would say to another, with twinkling eyes: "Well, Bo, how do you feel about it now?" Occasionally a steady patron—also with twinkling eyes—would exclaim to his waiter, "Where's the cocktail, Billy?"

But there was no lagging of the conversation, no apparent diminution in the hearty enjoyment over the story of some business mishap or success, or in the exchange of comment on the Beast of Berlin. With those luncheon associates there were no visible effects—no change. So I had to content myself with a personal analysis.

After the first week or two I did not miss my noonday drink at all. I did not think of it, except when some joking remark was made at its absence, or when at another table a glum cloud of dissatisfaction settled on some strange face, bringing the

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suspicion that the want of the preliminary cocktail was the cause.

There is a small club at which I spend one or two evenings each week. The members are business men, salaried men, and some retired miners and cattlemen—a very diverse point-of-view community. Of course there was formerly a café with a fair patronage, but since its abolition I can see no difference in most of the members. There are the same exchange of views on Wilson and Hoover, the same jolly chuckles over some bright magazine business story, the same game of cards, the same growls about "cut-up range," or "no cars for transportation," but no remarks about dryness. It seems to be almost unnoticed.

On Sunday mornings all through the summer a bunch of good friends and myself usually drive up into one of the canyons to spend the day in the deep shadows of the hoary old monsters of rock and lava. I never did appreciate liquor as it deserved up there. Somehow it seemed like a scrub maverick strayed off the range. Lying back on a clump of cedar with a well-tried brier-root in one's mouth, lazily gazing through the circling smoke at the weird, stupendous peaks rising abruptly two or three thousand feet, I should have felt no surprise even at seeing a gentleman of herculean build with plenty of hair and little else for raiment meandering among the dark ravines and brandishing a stone club. In such a setting liquor seems frivolous. The rollicking little mountain torrent, one hundred per cent pure and icy cold, brings no suggestion of a McBrie frappé.

And yet not a car of our party failed to carry a few bottles of beer and one of club cocktail. We kept fishing-tackle at the camp and used it. When a man made a successful cast, he'd come in for a liquid celebration; if the cast was unsuccessful, he'd come in for the same brand of consolation. Each man carried on his key-ring one of those handy little bottle-openers, and not one of them was rusty. We were discreet, reasonable, moderate drinkers.

And this "dry" summer we have been just as regular at that camp, with the same wives, the same children, the same hunger for rainbow trout, and the same little bottle-openers on our key-rings—souvenirs now. We take in the same tempting, tasty lunches, and the children romp and play and dabble in the furious little trout stream, as before. The men loaf about, fish a little, make just as many casts—successful and unsuccessful—and tell the same brand of yarns in the same old way. The cars act as commendably as usual on the rough trail, or cause the same interesting debates on "What the devil's the matter now?" Liquor isn't in it!—doesn't seem to be thought of or missed, for we're all in the same boat. All have discovered that the friendly companionship of men and nature is not lessened by the absence of Pilsener. The "new leaf" has been turned over for us, and we have not inscribed upon it any profane quotations.

It may seem that this ebullition on the "new leaf" is, really, on the ethics of drinking, and perhaps that is correct in some measure. The past twelve months of experience and observation have shown that those ethics have been a dominant cause of the great majority of moderate drinkers being drinkers at all. The man who attends a social gathering or convention banquet and drinks to the toasts in mineral water cannot but feel that curious and amused eyes are upon him, especially if his ascension to the wagon is of recent date. If he is a stranger among strangers, he fancies an aloofness; probably feels a touch of it himself, even though he is an old, experienced abstainer. There may not be a particle of that aloofness visible, but he cannot help the feeling that it is there; he cannot help feeling that the waiter's eyebrows go up a trifle as he gives his order.

But when you're all on the water wagon, "ain't it a great and glorious feeling?" You can give and take jokes about it, knowing that there's no implied sneer, no lurking suspicion that you had to take to the wagon for cause. The good-fellowship which seemed to be accentuated by the "Let's have another!" is not dimmed a particle by the absence of that invitation. Amid such associates as I am trying to describe one might, apologetically, paraphrase Bret Harte: "Life ain't the holdin' of a brimmin' glass, but th' grasp of a friendly hand!"

Utah—any Far West State—is peculiarly receptive to the full effect of dry-law legislation, no matter how drastic, for it is still a country of magnificent distances. Even under local option a man is not likely to hike fifty or seventy-five miles to the next town to get a drink under the pretense of buying a new collar button—a condition which the crowded East knows too well. From Salt Lake City—our largest city—the nearest saloon is at Evanston, in Wyoming, one hundred and thirty miles, with a train service which compels the welcome visitor in that joyful little cattle town to stay overnight. And the puckered brows and pursed lips of business men who at first were very dubious about the effects on business and the increase on regular taxation have disappeared. The increase in the tax rate necessitated by the elimination of the license receipts is unquestionably offset by the increased trade resulting from one hundred per cent industrial and mining pay-rolls, which always before the famous 1st ran ten or fifteen per cent below, because of the usual half-days off to straighten up.

There are as many tourists as usual coming through. Our attractions as a convention city have not dwindled; not a buyer from any interior town is side-stepping the Utah trading centers by going over to the moist regions of Nevada or California. The big cattlemen and sheepmen are coming in as they always have with car-loads of stock and buying their supplies; the total wage and salary payments have not decreased one dollar, for every bartender instantly got another job at other work if he cared to take it. The profits and dividends of mines, factories, and distributing houses are as big as or bigger than before. We had to be shown, if we are Utahns instead of Missourians. The new leaf had to be turned over for us, and it will never be turned back, I firmly believe.

It has been shown men that as long as all are in the same boat the cocktail is not a preliminary necessity to an enjoyable meal; that as big a crop of laughter and good will is produced without irrigation as with it; that, although some dollars are diverted from the old channels, the bank clearings do not show one dollar of loss.

The history of total abstinence propaganda shows clearly that but few converts can be held while the wets and the drys are necessarily constantly in close association. The pyschology of this may be dissected and bisected and argued over and denounced, but the fact is there and will stay there as long as men are human and with the instincts of friendliness towards one another. Put the men who work together and eat and drink together in a prohibition boat, and they are the same men, with the same affiliations, the same likings, the same personal affections. The "ties that bind" are, if anything, drawn a little closer by the mutual sympathy of a mutual deprivation. At first they may exchange growls at the arid conditions, just as they have always exchanged growls at the atrocious politics of the other party or the price of gasoline; but they're all in the same boat, under new conditions, and they settle into these conditions with wonderful adaptation and promptness.

But there is another class—a certain proportion of wage-earners—with whom I come in contact a good deal and for whom I feel a sympathy I never felt before. They are the men without families whose evening resort for years has been the saloon, the bowling alley, and the pool-room. These resorts are still in existence, with the same bars, the same bartenders serving near-beer, and the same habitués. The balls are rattling as usual, the young men show as much hilarity at their play, but the old-timers—the men to whom those places have been their clubs, their only homes—these men show a marked difference. Glum and moody, they squat around in the chairs watching the play and savagely missing the spur of small bets of beer on the contests. They're still drawn to the place, but feel that it is no longer theirs. They are paying no club dues, signing no dinner or supper checks, and their savage purchase of one or two soft drinks can hardly pay, they know, for the chair and standing room they occupy.

It is with such men that the bootlegger finds his market. He slinks among them with a wink or well-understood signal, then saunters out, followed shortly by his customer, into some alley or dark entry, and transfers a half-pint for two or three dollars, which, from the statements of arrested men, seems to be the standard price.

These are not idle loafers I have written about; they are good workers, earning good pay; but they are homeless men to whom the saloon or pool-room has been club, bank, and home for years, and who cannot yet, and probably never will, adjust

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themselves to the new conditions. The public library or the Y. M. C. A. rooms hold no appeal to them. They would be utter strangers there.

There is no attempt in this article to express opinion, to point out to other men any right road or wrong road. I cannot yet call myself a prohibitionist. It is quite probable that if a stampede from the corral of prohibition occurred and the waiter of the lunch café looked expectantly for my old order—"A small bottle of Pilsener, George"—he'd get it. This is simply offered as a perhaps rather interesting view of the effect of "dry as a bone" on men and business.

Even at that the highbrowed analyst or diagnostician has some task before him to analyze or diagnose the causes and results of those effects on the very diverse and widely assorted dispositions of the subjects. Many a man lives happily with his own wife who could not do so with the wife of his neighbor, who is just as happy—and *vice versa*.

But this I know—that if a ballot on repealing the dry law was demanded, if the vote was to be taken to-morrow, my vote would be "No!" Moreover, although my nearest approach to a temperance lecture has been a shake of the head and "Don't you think you've had enough, Bill?" when responding to "Let's have another!" I would certainly, if asked what I was going to vote, reply: "Mine's a stein of NO's, old man; better try the same!"

GEORGE FREDERICK STRATTON.

Salt Lake City, Utah, August 1, 1918.

PAGEANTS AND THE ILLINOIS CENTENNIAL

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

IT says on the cover of a surprising pamphlet, "Suggestions for Giving Six Little Plays," and down below it says, "Printed by the Authority of the State of Illinois," and pardon awaits the outsider who exclaims at first, "Some one is crazy; I, or the printer, or—the State of Illinois!"

Yet no one is. In this valley of democracy, as Mr. Meredith Nicholson so charmingly calls it, Illinois has set out to celebrate its centennial of Statehood in such a manner that an entire population can participate. Hence those six little plays. Hence, also, the suggestions for giving them. Hence, likewise, a whole series of masques, pageants, and poetical frolics got up by specially appointed officials. For the first time in history an American State has hired a poet. For the first time an American State has employed a composer of music. For the first time an American State has engaged a pageant master.

On its civic side all this is astonishing, though less so to Illinoisans than to outsiders, for Chicago has a "little theater" under municipal subsidy, maintains a circulating municipal art gallery, and goes in for popular dramatics on its municipal pier. And if it seems a trifle odd that the proverbially unromantic Middle West should develop a taste for pageants and that sort of thing, the world at large should recall that the first modern pageant originated a great deal farther West—a creation known as Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Of late pageantry has thriven in Illinois: at Jacksonville, Greek plays; in Chicago, a "Pageant of the Italian Renaissance." For the proverbially unromantic Middle West is anything but unromantic. Not so very long ago a poet's body lay in state beneath the dome of a Middle Western Capitol.

However, pageants and that sort of thing are only a part of Illinois's Centennial programme. Springfield will erect a Centennial Memorial building and unveil statues of Lincoln and Douglas on the grounds of the State Capitol. Chicago is building a Centennial Monument in Logan Square. All over Illinois counties are marking the scenes of historic events; for example, the spot where Lincoln and Jefferson Davis met during the Black Hawk War, and the point in Meredosia where the first rails were laid on the first railway in the State, and the place where Stephen A. Douglas made his famous speech in Jacksonville and was carried around triumphantly on the shoulders of his admirers. Countless Centennial trees have been planted. The University of Illinois has offered a Centennial Course in Illinois History. The Centennial Commission's monthly magazine provides a bibliography of historical works relating to the Prairie State, and libraries everywhere are giving such books especial prominence. Under official mandate, Professor Clarence Walworth Alvord is editing a six-volume "History of Illinois," the first treatise of that character ever to be fathered by an American commonwealth. The introductory volume, "Illinois in 1818," by Solon Justus Buck, has appeared, with the State seal on its cover. When all six volumes are complete, the plates are to be handed over to a publisher, who will issue the book at cost. Moreover, the Commission has brought out Mr. Wallace Rice's "Centennial Song" and his "Centennial Hymn," and adopted his Centennial flag—white field, broad blue horizontal stripe dividing it, a single white star within the blue and close to the staff, above the white star a triangular group of ten blue stars, below it a similar group inverted. The white star represents Illinois, the twenty-first American commonwealth. There were ten Northern States and ten Southern States before Illinois was admitted. Illinois, a kind of keystone State geographically as well as politically, reached as far north as Boston and as far south as Richmond, and was expected to hold the Union together.

All these Centennial ventures devour money—or seem to—and there are onlookers who deplore such expenditure in war time. It is less serious, though, than it appears. The first State ever to go into the show business, Illinois charges admission to its pageants, earns a profit, and turns the profit over to war work. If the Centennial publishing and building exploits involve a fairly impressive outlay, it is cash well invested. Says Governor Lowden:

> It is thought by some that the time is not fitting for this celebration because of the world-wide war in which we find ourselves. I do not share this view. I realize the greatness of the burdens this war imposes on us. We of Illinois will bear those burdens more lightly if we shall recall the first hundred years of Illinois's achievements. Our fathers, too, bore heavy burdens. They, too, knew what it meant to offer all for a great cause. They, too, faced danger and difficulty. But they triumphed over all, and this great commonwealth—the home of twice the number of free men the United States contained at the close of the Revolutionary War—is the result.
>
> We have a hundred years of noble history as a background. Whether we shall have another hundred years equally inspiring depends upon the issue of this world-wide war. It will help Illinois to play a great part in this war if her people will refresh their courage and strengthen their will by a study of our first hundred years. This celebration ought to be one of the most persuasive and one of the most powerful of all the patriotic agencies which we of Illinois can invoke at this time.

It is to be remembered, meanwhile, that the plans for the Centennial were not a war-time product. They developed five years ago. And although they have now a value unforeseen at first, they have also a value that was definitely understood at the outset. It is not retrospective alone. It is social. In "Pageant Building," by Florence Magill Wallace, an essay put forth in pamphlet form "by the authority of the State of Illinois," one reads:

> Giving a pageant is a big task, but the bigness of it is just what makes it worth while. A pageant, to be ideal, should be thoroughly democratic and of sufficient size to involve the interest, co-operation, and assistance of all the citizens of the community. Of the many reasons why pageants should be given, three stand out in importance: First, to provide patriotic education; second, to promote community solidarity; third, to give a larger number opportunity for self-expression. That the aftermath of a great pageant leaves the factions, the wards, the north sides and the south sides less divided against each other, is the invariable testimony of those who have given it a trial. It has a great "get together" influence. Many who would otherwise remain strangers get acquainted, and in a larger sense the whole

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community gets acquainted with itself. A pageant well done is occasion for satisfaction and pride to each one taking part as well as to all who attend or in the smallest way assist. Not infrequently these great spectacles awaken such an earnest desire for a better and more beautiful city that they serve as forerunners of extensive cleaning and beautifying enterprises.

This gospel according to Florence Magill Wallace is now a gospel according to the State of Illinois. Moreover, in issuing her pamphlet as an official document Illinois appends the lines of Whitman:

"Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the greatest city stands."

It is one thing, however, to grasp the civic importance of masques and pageants and poetical frolics and organize them and see them through, but quite another to give them artistic dignity and charm. State Senator Hugh S. Magill, Jr., director of the Centennial Celebration, is neither a poet nor a musician nor an accomplished stage manager. Like his colleagues in the State Legislature, he is a practical politician. And yet there would seem to be a special providence that watches over artistic exploits in Illinois. The makers of the incomparable World's Fair at Chicago were anything but æsthetes. Nevertheless they had somehow the genius to recognize special talent and employ it, and let it have its way when employed. The Centennial Commission, while of course undertaking a much smaller task and running proportionately slighter risks, displays a good deal the same gift for hitting on suitable appointments and for allowing the appointees to escape being meddled with. The results are eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Frederick Bruegger, pageant master to the State of Illinois, has "got out of it," as the French say, with very gratifying success. Mr. Edward C. Moore, State composer *pro tempore*, furnishes sprightly music, pleasing in itself and admirably suited to its purpose. Mr. Wallace Rice, poet laureate for fourteen months, writes odes, songs, hymns, masques, pageants, and "little plays" with a practiced hand; for years he has been a maker of poetical compilations, not infrequently adding to his collections of other people's verses highly creditable verses of his own. An experienced journalist, he knows how to avoid going over the heads of a popular audience, and in writing for the Centennial he has had the tact to remember always that he is addressing a community of seven million people. Probably no one else in Illinois—except perhaps Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, Chairman of the Centennial Commission—possesses so keen a relish for the romance of Illinois history. If Dr. Schmidt has expended his fervor in promoting the work of the Chicago Historical Society, Mr. Rice at present expends his in delving for romantic material which, had it had a Longfellow to exploit it—"Listen, my children, and you shall hear"—would long ago have been common property the country over. Parkman knew the charm of that material. Popular histories—notably that captivating new volume, "Illinois: The Story of the Prairie State," by Grace Humphrey—have developed it to excellent advantage. Here and there fiction has touched it. But until Wallace Rice began dramatizing it for masques and pageants and "little plays" nobody had quite sensed its poetic possibilities.

What a range of fine suggestiveness in the titles of those six little plays—"Children of the Illini," "Children of France," "Pioneer Boys and Girls," "The Underground Railroad," "Children of the Civil War," "Children in the Great War"! Having belonged to the Indians, and then to France, and then to England, Illinois was successively a county of Virginia, a part of the Northwest Territory, and a Territory in its own right, so that on entering the Union a century ago the new State had a singularly varied past abounding in adventurous incident. Mr. Rice has made the most of that. Among the *dramatis personæ* of his "Pageant of the Illinois Country" you find Henry de Tonty, a captain of France; the Sieur de Boisrondet, lieutenant to Tonty; Father Zenobe Membré, a Recollect friar; Etienne Renault, a soldier, lately of Paris; Chassazoac, chief of the Illinois; not to mention a gorgeous array of Onondaga, Cahokia, Michigami, and Shawanoe braves. Then comes Part II, introducing Negro slaves, men, women, and children, all of Kaskaskia; George Rogers Clark, lieutenant-colonel commanding; and bordermen, all of the Virginia Expeditionary Force. Among the notables in Part III behold the Rev. John Mason Peck, circuit rider, educator, and abolitionist. Part IV—"The Fringe of Fame"—introduces Abraham Lincoln, captain of Illinois Volunteers, along with that other distinguished participant in the Black Hawk War, Lieutenant Jefferson Davis. In Part V we recognize Brigadier-General Ulysses S. Grant, lately Colonel 21st Illinois Volunteer Infantry, for—

"The South begins to smolder, and the North
Takes fire thereat, and in the glow our Grant
Is fashioned to a blade of conquering flame."

Wholly without intention, and though realizing the unfairness of it, I have quoted Mr. Rice's lines. Yet why, frankly, should I not? Nobody will take them for pretentious verse. They are purposely unpretentious—designed for a popular audience and to be heard rather than read. As such, are they not very acceptable? Having risked one quotation, I may perhaps go further and reproduce a stanza from his Centennial hymn:

"Our fathers' God, in thankfulness
Thy thousand mercies we confess
With solemn joy:
Our prairies rich in fruitful loam,
Our rivers singing as they roam,
The happiness that is our home,
Our hope, our Illinois."

The poet laureate *pro tempore*, if I at all understand him, is not given to overestimating his own lines, and yet he takes an unfeigned delight in his triumph as a writer of verse that pleases the average man, and of masques and pageants that lend themselves to spectacular as well as reminiscent effect, and of little plays that really "act." He enjoys being a public servant. He is happy over being "popular." If there is anything he especially abhors, it is an exquisite, but futile, preciosity. In the definitely useful thing he set out to accomplish he has succeeded magnificently, and the success of the Centennial thus far is in no small measure the result of his modest good sense, tact, and self-restraint. Few poets laureate anywhere have behaved more creditably.

The Centennial celebrations thus far have included, among other observances, a great many presentations of the six little plays, a festival at Springfield last April in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the Enabling Act authorizing the Illinois Territory to organize as a State, and on the Fourth of July the reading of Mr. Rice's ode at a celebration on the bluff overlooking the site of the vanished town of Kaskaskia, Illinois's first capital, now buried beneath the Mississippi River, which, by changing its course, obliterated what the Illinois "Intelligencer" a century ago assured its readers would "soon become a towering city." On the bluff where "Kaskaskia: An Ode" was read lie buried the bones of early French settlers, reinterred after being brought there from the original Kaskaskia, far up the Illinois River. On the Fourth of July, 1918, a hundred and forty years had elapsed since the taking of Fort Gage by George Rogers Clark, of Virginia, and his band of Kentucky backwoodsmen, who thereby ended British rule in Illinois.

During the first week of October comes the Centennial of the inauguration of Illinois's first Governor. Every county in Illinois will give Mr. Rice's masque. At Springfield the Douglas and Lincoln statues will be unveiled, and the corner-stone of the Centennial Memorial Building laid, and Mr. Rice's splendid "Pageant of the Illinois Country" performed in an armory seating twelve thousand people. The Governors of all the States have been invited to come or to send representatives. President Wilson will be there unless his responsibilities at Washington prevent. Foreign nations, particularly our allies, will be officially represented. On December 3 the State Historical Society and the Illinois Centennial Commission will unite in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Illinois's formal admission into the Union.

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SHOULDER STRAPS: HOW TO WIN AND WEAR THEM[1]

ESSENTIAL MILITARY QUALITIES AND HABITS

BY CHARLES F. MARTIN

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, UNITED STATES CAVALRY

This article and the one to follow later are full of suggestions to those in authority, whether in the military service, or in the school, the home, the office, the factory, or anywhere else.—THE EDITORS.

YOU want to become an officer, or you have recently become one. Then from some inner voice comes a question. What should you do in order to make good? A wise man will not want to take a position without learning what will be expected of him.

TRAINING FOR EFFICIENCY

The shortest possible answer to the question, What is required of an officer? is, *Efficiency*.

What, then, is meant by efficiency? In any particular profession efficiency means being physically, mentally, and morally fitted to the job, knowing thoroughly all the details of it, and being a master in getting results.

The first truth is that the mind can be trained to act easily, rapidly, and efficiently in particular situations by practicing it in similar situations.

The second lesson is that the muscles of the body can be trained to do things in a certain way in given situations until they will involuntarily, automatically, act in that way in similar situations; and they will do this in situations where the mind has ceased, under the pressure of excitement, to exercise control or to think coherently.

Efficiency can come only through training. An officer—an efficient officer—is not a machine-made product. It is a common saying that everybody makes mistakes, and that the wise man profits from them. It is better to avoid making mistakes, particularly in the military service.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

The essential thing about reading for instruction is to make sure that you understand everything the author says—that you get his meaning. In your military reading make it a habit to read with a pencil. Merely memorizing sentences is not sufficient; the statements must be analyzed, thought over, thoroughly understood, and assimilated. Make it a practice to shut your book and ask yourself questions about what you have read.

Making notes about what you read—and about what you hear—and writing out your own thoughts about the matter in hand are two exceedingly valuable habits to cultivate, because they are modes of expression.

It is not sufficient to have book knowledge of a thing that depends for its application upon action. The value of intelligence is measured, not by the mass of facts or knowledge accumulated, but by the ability to use the knowledge possessed; by the power of turning thought into action.

Lose no opportunity to apply what you learn. Learn to put men into a firing position quickly and properly; to handle your unit on the firing line; to take over a sector of the trenches; to direct your unit, and the next higher unit, in all the phases of action in which it functions. Above all, learn to give clear, explicit orders and instructions for the execution of the duties you direct.

HABITS AND CHARACTER

An officer must have intelligence and be able to apply it; but without strength of character, self-control, unselfishness, habits of energy, will power, and a sense of devotion to duty, he will never have the confidence of his men. They will never follow him on the field of battle.

A man's character or nature is really nothing but his habits of thought and action.

It is the duty of an officer not only to develop his own character, but to develop the character of his subordinates, to inculcate into them the habits that will make them effective.

Since a man's character is what he thinks and does, he has only to change his habits of thinking and doing to change his character.

ATTENTION

The man without power of attention belongs to that class who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not. Attention means *attending—taking notice*. Attention is of little value unless it can be sustained.

The power of sustained attention depends upon the desire to accomplish, upon the will to do. If you cannot keep your attention from wandering at times, you can always bring it back. You can say to yourself: "I am now doing this one thing. Forward, march!"

One way of gaining interest is to link up the subject to another in which you are interested—that is, to find or to establish relations between the two. Almost all abstract thoughts can be given concrete application. For most people it is only the concrete that makes the abstract endurable—or durable. Another and better way is to ask yourself why you are attending to this thing, anyway. Has it any useful purpose?

OBSERVATION

The useful development of the power of observation depends upon the power of attention and the power or faculty of drawing inferences. Observation without purpose is a waste of time and energy.

At maneuvers I once saw a sergeant in command of the "point" of an advance guard move along a stretch of open road with his point strung out in what he considered a very desirable patrol formation and approach a wooded bend in the road without the slightest change in his dispositions. His point disappeared by ones or twos around the bend, and was all captured with little or no fuss by the enemy waiting in ambush in the grass and shrubbery. The whole patrol was ruled "out of action" by an umpire who happened, unfortunately or fortunately, to be in observation, and not a man escaped to give warning to the larger bodies following in the rear, which rode unsuspectingly into a heavy fire. The sergeant had seen the woods and the bend in the road, but he had not observed their possibilities.

In his "Diary of a French Officer" Lieutenant Nicolas gives an example of the right sort of observation.

For the purpose of straightening out a small salient, an attack was to be made by the French on two sides of the sector held by his company. His rôle was to make a demonstration at the proper time with a view to deceiving the enemy in front.

The German trenches were subjected to a heavy bombardment. The Germans, in their turn, began to answer with shells sent at first far to the rear of the French first line, in search of their guns. Lieutenant Nicolas's platoon was to fire rifles and machine guns during exactly four minutes. This was done at the proper time, and drew some fire from the German artillery:

> As there was nothing more to be done, every one except the sentries went into the dugouts. We were hotly bombarded. We had of a certainty fulfilled our mission, for we had drawn both their attention and their fire.

The bombardment of his sector lasted some time.

> Shells were raining down, but, as none of them had done any harm up to that time, we bothered no more about them. They fell more especially in front of the trench, in the wire entanglement. That set me to thinking. . . .
>
> Were they going to amuse themselves by attacking us? I doubled the sentries and gave orders that as soon as the bombardment slackened every man should run to his loophole. . . . I did not know the result of the flank attack. . . .
>
> Suddenly from the German trenches, like devils from their boxes, emerged the infantrymen. . . .

But the lieutenant and his men, thanks to his reflective observation, were ready for them at a time when not a second could be lost, and in a couple of minutes had beaten back the

[1] The counsel concerning the duties of young officers embodied in this and a subsequent article will be included in a book entitled "Winning and Wearing Shoulder Straps," to be published by the Macmillan Company. Publication authorized by the War Department.

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assault. If the lieutenant had not observed that the shells began to fall more especially in the wire entanglements, had not drawn the right inference as to the possible meaning of that fact, had not taken the proper precautions to meet the possibility, he and his men would have been surprised and overwhelmed.

Learn all you can about everything you come in contact with —machine guns, trench mortars, searchlights, everything that some time you may terribly want to make use of.

PRECISION

In its military application the word "precision" means exactitude, promptness, and accuracy in doing things; clearness, brevity, accuracy in speech or writing—doing or saying a thing at the right time and in the best way.

In battle, a lack of precision means disaster. An assault, for example, depends for its success upon accurate timing, and failure in exactitude on the part of one of the units taking part may involve the useless sacrifice of many lives.

You have an opportunity to practice precision in everything you do and in everything you say. Make it a habit to give all your instructions in the clearest and most accurate language. Find out the exact meaning of military terms; learn to use words in their exact sense. Many a military disaster has been brought about by ambiguous language in orders, instructions, and messages. It is commonly said that a man's education is shown by his use of language—his mother tongue.

FORESIGHT

The military man must keep asking himself what the enemy is going to do next, and what he himself is going to do to meet the situation. This does not mean, of course, that when the enemy *is doing* something he must devote his energy to thinking of what he or the enemy will do thereafter when he should be keeping his mind on the job in hand; if he does that, there may not be any thereafter for him.

In war things seldom work out according to schedule. Consider what to do if the advance of the unit adjoining yours is stopped by machine-gun fire, by unsuspected obstacles, or otherwise, while your own finds its advance unimpeded and the enemy fleeing pell-mell in front of it; consider what material you will need for situations that may arise to block your plan, and have the material on hand.

Foresight is initiative exercised in advance.

JUDGMENT AND DECISION

Some men, though actuated by the best of intentions, are so deficient in judgment that they are unfitted for any position of responsibility. Some persons seem unable to arrive at any decision even when all the evidence is before them; they have no self-confidence, or they are so deficient in the powers of attention and reflective observation that they have no sense of proportion. They have no very definite ideas about anything; they lack the sense of values. Others belong to the impulsive type, swayed by emotions or impulses; they cannot wait till the available evidence is all in. Any one of these types will ruin the discipline of an organization.

Some men seem to have the habit of making good decisions so quickly that it would appear that no weighing of values has for them been necessary; but the truth is that they have highly developed mental faculties, have had the necessary experience and practice to enable them to think quickly.

An ill-advised snapshot decision may bring disastrous results; on the other hand, delay may be just as dangerous. In arriving at a decision do not let your judgment be warped by your emotions—by anger, fear, or self-interest.

Remember that judgment, because it is the greatest of the faculties, needs assiduous cultivation.

INITIATIVE AND RESPONSIBILITY

The terms "initiative" and "sense of responsibility" are always coming up in the military service.

Initiative as applied to military service means self-reliant, resourceful performance of the directions or will of higher authority; the power and ability to initiate or originate methods of getting the results desired when the usual methods fail. A man with initiative who has been told to take a message to the opposite bank of the river, and who finds the bridge over which he expected to cross to be missing, will find some other means of getting across; but he will deliver the message.

When you are charged with the direction of a military operation, it is your duty to get very clearly into your mind what your *mission* is. You may have a few side issues to attend to, but you will usually have one primary object in view, a definite mission to accomplish; keep that in mind. That is the thing that you are to do. If you cannot do it in one way, do it in another. Get it done.

It may sometimes even happen that circumstances will involve a change of mission for you. For example, a small mobile detachment, preceding larger forces, has orders to reconnoiter for signs of the enemy to a considerable distance beyond a river which its main body expects to cross. The advance detachment crosses by one of the bridges or fords which its main body wants to use, and finds that the enemy is much nearer than he was believed to be—that, in fact, a hostile force is rapidly approaching the bridge which the detachment has just left behind. The detachment commander, knowing that his commanding officer expects to use that bridge, and that it will be some time before other parts of his force reach it, will probably decide that his mission has been changed by the circumstances, and that it is now his imperative duty to secure and hold the bridge until reinforcements arrive.

An odious fault is that of trying to avoid responsibility, or to shift it upon the shoulders of subordinates. It is only a man who puts self before duty who will try to do that.

The commander knows that the organization will reflect the qualities of its leaders. If his subordinate officers or his noncommissioned officers are badly trained, it is his duty to see that they are trained. The fault usually lies with him, assuming that he has had reasonable time and opportunity to do the training. If his subordinates do not possess the proper qualifications, he should replace them; but first let him look carefully into his own soul.

WORK AND ENERGY

English officers will tell you that when their army first went into trenches there was for a time a laxity in the enforcement of the requirements as to smartness in appearance. The trenches were dirty, uncomfortable places; in them it was hard to keep shaved, to keep clean, to keep one's buttons and equipment polished. It seemed reasonable perhaps that soldiers who had to live under such conditions, who had to endure so much fatigue, hardship, and danger, should be allowed to take it a bit easy when in rest billets or when not on post in the fire trenches.

But this idea was short-lived. The officers found that men who did not keep clean, who did not keep shaved, who did not clean up their buttons, would not keep their equipment and weapons in good order; they became careless about keeping their shelters and trenches in repair. They got so that they found even the most necessary work unbearable, and their discipline began to suffer. They suffered more from the blues, from homesickness and depression. Consequently the old habits which had made the English soldier famous for his smartness were re-established.

It is a good thing to cultivate and foster cheerfulness in work. We are just beginning to understand that in our service. Dr. Cabot, from whose excellent work "What Men Live By" I venture to quote, says: "A few rare spirits . . . can touch any dull job with a magic which turns it into sparkling play. . . . A blithe spirit pulls off all the work labels from monotonous tasks, . . . sticks play labels upon them all, and proceeds to make those titles good."

Paderewski says that if he leaves off practicing for one day, he notices the effect in his playing; if he leaves it off for two days, his wife notices it; if he leaves it off for three days, his audience notices it. I think that a pretty good reminder to keep posted in quarters. It may serve as an incentive to keep the enemy from noticing any falling off in a number of things.

PERSEVERANCE AND FORCE OF CHARACTER

Often the temptation comes to let things go or to allow them to be done in a makeshift manner. I have seen noncommissioned officers who had the mistaken idea that this was

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a way to be popular with the men. They lacked the moral courage to face unpleasant or difficult situations. This is exactly the wrong attitude for a leader. Nobody admires a weak character. The leader should never demand unnecessary exertion or sacrifice of his men; but he must have the strength of character to do his own duties thoroughly, to set the right example, and to require his subordinates to live up to the same principles. The men come to recognize the value of the calm, steady forcefulness that asks no more than it gives, and that stands for right conduct.

CO-ORDINATION

Psychologists will tell you that power of co-ordination, which means the power of regulating and combining thought and action into harmonious adjustment, is the highest exercise of man's mental processes. It is needed to get results in training. It enables the commander to divide his work into essential elements and desirable elements; to see that the essential elements are not neglected for something that is merely desirable; to eliminate non-essentials.

It should be exercised not only in one's particular sphere, but should be extended for the purpose of furthering co-operation with others whose activities are directed to the common goal. A certain famous surgeon said that no man in the medical profession should become a specialist until he had spent ten years studying anatomy and the general practice of medicine. An army officer may, in modern warfare, have to become a specialist very soon after receiving his commission, but he must always and continually study his profession from the point of view of co-ordination. He must know as much as possible about the other arms, their powers, their limitations. Only in this way will he fit himself to work to the best advantage in his own arm. The officers of one arm should cultivate and foster the spirit of comradeship and co-operation with those of other arms, learn all they can from them, study how to act in co-ordination with them.

TACT

Let us see what are some of the dictionary definitions of tact. It is: *An intuitive sense of what is true, right, or proper; fineness of discernment as to action or conduct; sensitive mental perception of what is fit or considerate under given circumstances; peculiar ability to deal with others without giving offense; ability to do or say what is best for* (*i. e.*, to achieve or obtain) *the intended effect.*

In the new army tact will be peculiarly necessary. The leaders will be dealing with men of all degrees of intelligence and all kinds of temperaments. What will be most effective in dealing with one will be quite out of place with another. One man's mind will leap to meet yours and will seize your meaning before you have completed your statement; another's will be several laps behind. One will be quick in imitating or learning movements or in following mechanical demonstrations; another, extremely slow, clumsy, or awkward. One man will be sensitively organized and will feel more keenly a word or a glance than his neighbor will feel a reprimand or a punishment. One will see quickly the value of discipline and grasp at once the significance of obedience; another, who has never obeyed anybody in his life, will have trouble in learning this vital lesson. Each widely different case will need widely different treatment.

DISCIPLINE AND MORALE

What do we mean by discipline? It is worth while to study closely its elements.

One of the things we should put out of mind at the beginning is the idea, sometimes expressed by persons that do not comprehend the meaning of the term, that discipline means punishment or humiliation. True discipline—the kind we want and seek to establish in our service—is not obtained by punishment; it is not based on fear; it has nothing to do with humiliation.

Discipline, as we understand it in our service, means the highest and best development of the moral qualities; it is voluntary. Expressed briefly, discipline means team spirit, intelligent co-operation between military men.

By the morale of an army we mean its mental state. When we say that the morale of the troops is good, we mean that they are in good spirits, full of confidence in their leaders, full of confidence in themselves; that they have faith in their cause and expect to win. Morale is a vital force that wins victories.

THE SPIRIT OF OBEDIENCE

Every man who has been in a panic, such as has occurred in theater fires, has realized that if the crowd had had a leader, whose voice every member of it had been taught to obey instantly and without question, a leader who could have commanded attention, and directed the action of the crowd, the terrible results of the panic which turned men into beasts, trampling one another under foot, could have been avoided. The crowd could have been saved from itself and from the danger.

When a ship has been torpedoed, and every fraction of a minute is precious, the value of obedience is strikingly illustrated. The value of skilled direction on the one hand, and of unhesitating, unquestioning obedience on the other, there stand revealed in their true and mighty significance.

So it is in war. Instant obedience is the price of success for the team.

Obedience is the first law of the soldier; if a man cannot obey, he cannot be made into a soldier.

The officer must himself understand the reason for and the value of obedience, and make these clear to his men; he must make them understand that obedience is one of the factors of team spirit; that their success in battle and their safety depend upon it.

There is no humility involved in obedience to one's leaders. The leader obeys his superiors, just as implicitly and unhesitatingly as his men obey him. The spirit of obedience is the essence of team work.

COURTESY AND RESPECT

The salute is said to have had its origin in the ancient custom among friendly armored knights of raising the visor in their meetings in order that each might see the face of the other. It was difficult to recognize a man incased, body and face, in steel; then, too, the natural desire of men to look into the face of a friend might have had something to do with the beginning of the custom. The present-day raising of the hand to the head-dress is but a continuation of this old knightly custom it has remained as the form of greeting between military men in all civilized armies—the greeting of friendly knights. Each respects the other. No man who understands the dignity and the significance of the salute will want to avoid it or to slight the performance of it. It conveys no idea of humility; it is delivered erect, head up, eye to eye—the greeting of soldiers, the symbol of mutual respect and comradeship.

The word "attention" means the "act of attending." The custom of standing at attention or coming to attention has a deep significance in a military way; it is of the greatest possible value.

The approach of the leader does not of course always signify that he will have orders to issue, but it often does so signify and, as can readily be seen, *time* in moments of emergency is of priceless value. If the leader had always to resort to various and sundry measures to gain the attention of those to whom he has to give orders, very serious consequences might ensue. There is another important psychological reason for the habit of coming to attention. It has already been pointed out that mind and muscles can be trained to make particular reactions in particular situations. Now, in the roar and whiz of heavy projectiles the whistling of bullets—in all the dizzy excitement produced by the conditions of battle—men are likely to get out of hand, to become incapable of acting with any degree of co-ordination or calmness. Under such conditions some touchstone is needed some powerful antidote which the leader can oppose to the deadly, fast-spreading poison that has seized upon the brains of his men. He finds it in the word "Attention!"

In one case a unit was in grave danger; it was under a heavy fire; the bullets were whistling and the shells exploding all about it; the men were getting out of hand; demoralization—which meant certain destruction—was threatening. The leader commanded: "Attention! Fall in! Dress!" exactly as if he were forming his men for drill. The men instantly became cool and manageable. He formed them into squads, and moved them to a new position with very little loss.

In another case an officer who saw that he must do something

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quickly to get his men back in hand remembered that he had a small camera in his pocket. He commanded attention, ordered his men to stand in line, directed them not to move lest they spoil the picture, and calmly photographed them; he was then able to control their movements in the combat without further difficulty. Miscellaneous directions shouted to them had not been sufficient to overcome their demoralization, but the magical power of the word "Attention!" coupled with the calm bravery of their leader, brought their minds back to the normal state and saved the situation.

This article will be followed in a subsequent issue by another under the same general title and dealing with the principles of leadership

HATS

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

MY attention was first attracted to him by the ring of his voice as he answered the question a woman near me put to him, amiably trying to start a conversation: "And may I ask, Mr. Williams, what are you in France for—Red Cross, or Y. M. C. A., or perhaps reconstruction work? I'm refugees myself. It's always interesting to know other people's specialties. You often have so much in common. The only branches I *don't* know anything about are orphans and the blind."

To this the distinguished-looking gray-haired man responded, gravely, "Madam, I am in France for hats."

"*Hats!*" exclaimed the war worker.

"Hats," he reaffirmed, quietly.

She looked at him wildly and moved to another part of the room, towards a recognizably tagged young woman in a gray uniform.

The *timbre* of his voice struck curiously on my ear. I cannot express its quality other than to say that it made the voices of the rest of us sound like those of college professors and school-teachers, and I don't pretend to know exactly what I mean by that.

He aroused my curiosity. I wanted to investigate, so I began looking vague, letting my eyes wander, and answering at random. Presently the earnest talker holding forth to me grew indignant at my lack of attention, broke off abruptly, and went away. I turned to the man with the different voice and asked, "What in the world makes you come to France for hats *just now*, in the midst of the war?"

He answered, with instant decision, "Because the only hats worth buying are made in Paris."

"*Now?* With France bleeding to death, how *can* they make hats, invent new fashions?"

His eye kindled. "Madam, a good French modiste on her death-bed could make a better hat than any one in New York ever could."

I pondered this. His accent was indubitably American, not to say New York. But there are cases of French people who have spent part of their childhood in the States who speak English perfectly. "You must be at least partly of French extraction to be able so to understand and admire France," I ventured.

He opposed a rather startled and very emphatic negative. "Me? Not much! I'm as American as they make 'em. Born on lower Broadway and brought up in the New York public schools. I don't know anything about France except that we have to come here to get the right styles in hats. I don't even speak any French except to say '*combien*' and enough to count."

I was put off the scent entirely. "Oh, I thought from the way you spoke that you knew France well. This is your first visit, then?"

He was silent a moment, making a mental calculation. Then he said: "This is my fifty-first visit to Paris. I have come twice a year for a little more than twenty-five years."

"Always for hats?" I queried, my imagination reeling at this vista.

"Always for hats," he said, seriously.

I tried to be facetious. "Dear me! You must know all there is to know about hats."

He shook his head. "Nobody knows anything about hats," he added, very much in earnest. "Style is one of the great, obscure mysteries of life."

This had always been one of my observations, but one I have petulantly and impatiently deplored. I had never thought to hear it expressed with such heartfelt gravity and weight by a man of such evident vigor of personality.

I said, laughing uneasily, "It makes one very self-conscious about one's own hat to know one's self in the presence of such a connoisseur."

He reassured me. "Oh, I never look at hats except in the way of business." In his turn he looked vague and let his eyes wander, evidently much bored with my remarks. In another moment he would have turned away, but just then an acquaintance came up to me, addressing me by name, and my new interlocutor broke in with quite a human eagerness, "Oh, are you Mr. John P. Hulme's niece?"

"Why, do you know my Uncle John?" I cried, astonished.

"He's one of the best business friends I have," he assured me, "and I have often seen the picture of you and the children he has on his desk. You must let me go to see them. I've got grown-up children of my own. It will be a real treat to me to know some American children here."

In this casual manner, slipping in on the good graces of my little son and daughter, I entered a world the very existence of which I had never suspected, long and frequent as had been my sojourns in Paris—the world of hat-buyers. And I had for guide the very dean and master of the guild, to whom the younger aspirants looked up, whose sure, trained instinct was their despair and inspiration.

It was perhaps his influence dominating that circle which made them all so serious and intent on mastering their profession, so respectful of their chosen occupation, so willing to give it the very best of their judgment and taste. This was the more remarkable as, with the exception of my new friend, they were quite the opposite of serious-minded men and women, and, in the intervals of the exercise of their profession, enjoyed rather more than was good for their health, morals, and pocketbooks the multiple occasions offered by a great city to damage those possessions. I was not at all in sympathy with what seemed to me the indifference of their relaxations in a country so stricken as France; but I could not withhold my astonished admiration for the excellent seriousness with which they approached their business. I would have blushed to disclose to them the light, shallow femininity of my precious, rather slighting attitude towards *la mode*. Also I was amazed at the prodigious financial importance of their operations. The sums which without a blink they paid out for hats, and the number of hats they thus secured, and the further sums which they looked forward to paying into the coffers of the United States customs, sounded to me as unbelievable as those nightmare calculations as to the distance of the stars from the earth or how much it has cost to build the Panama Canal.

"All that for *hats!*" I cried; "and every year, twice a year!"

"Oh, this is only the smallest part of what goes into hats," the expert assured me. "What I'm buying now are only single models, you understand. The successful ones, the well-chosen ones, will be copied by the hundred dozen in the States and in Canada. That chenille toque you saw me buy the other day—"

"That little, plain, ugly scrap of a thing you paid a hundred dollars for?" I asked, giddy again with the remembered shock of that price.

"Yes. Well, probably that will be very widely copied; at first in New York, and then everywhere. It's a fair guess to say, that being a model that's sure to be popular, that there will be at

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least twenty thousand toques like that sold in different places in the States for five dollars apiece."

I was staggered. "A hundred thousand dollars spent in *one* season just for *one* out of all the different models of women's hats!" My old superficial scorn for "the style" disappeared in an alarmed dismay at its unsuspected scope. "Why, that's *terrible!* It's appalling! When there isn't enough money to make the schools what they ought to be, nor to take care of the sick, nor to keep up the—"

He showed an unexpected humanity. "Yes, it is awful," he agreed, gravely, "very, very awful. And still more awful is the way we live right along beside such an awful force and never have the slightest idea that it rules our lives, and not what we wish or decide."

For all my consternation I found this excessive. "Oh, come, it's not so bad as *that!*" I cried.

"Yes, it is," he assured me with his formidable quiet certainty. "Yes, it is. It goes beyond anything we can imagine. It's the greatest force in the world—this desire, this absolute necessity, to be in the style. Nothing else can stand up against it for a moment—not hunger, not fear, not love, not religion. They only exist so far as they don't get in the way of being in the style. The minute they interfere with that, over they go, like a pack of cards in a tornado. What do you think a man is doing when he works all his life for his family? Is he earning their livings? Not much. He's enabling them to keep in the style, and if he doesn't he is a failure. What do you really want for your children? That they may grow up to develop all the best they have in them—yes, *if* that doesn't prevent their being in style."

I found all this so outrageous that I could only stare a silent protest. "I don't mean just my small part of it—hats," he explained; "although hats are always, so to speak, the crest of the tidal wave. It's everything. Style rules everything. Of course, all material things—furniture, clothes, the way houses are built and gardens laid out and parks made and pictures painted. Everybody can *see* with his own eyes how *they* are all determined; by whatever the style happens to be in that century or year, and not by anything we want or need. But more than that, too. Everything goes together. We talk and eat and act according to the kind of furniture we have; for instance, when rough-hewn Morris furniture was the rage and we all had to have it or to dry up and blow away with envy, don't you remember how the athletic, blowsy styles in clothes and manners came in too, and it was all the thing to go to a funeral in a striped shirt and yellow shoes, and the girls' shirt-waists bloused over in front as though they had forgotten to tuck them in, and how bulging pompadours straggled down in every woman's eyes?"

"Do you mean"—I was ready to laugh at him—"that you think that our Morris furniture influenced us so deeply as all that? Even Morris would be surprised to hear so much claimed for it."

He was scornful of my incapacity to grasp the scope of his idea. "No; Lord, no! The Morris furniture hadn't anything more to do with it than a tree bent double with the storm has to do with making the wind blow. I mean that the same thing that *made* us mortgage our souls to have Morris furniture just then made us also talk slang and wear yellow shoes to funerals."

"Well, what *did* make us?" I challenged him.

He answered, monosyllabically, solemnly, with his redoubtable, arresting conviction, "The style did."

We were both silent a moment, as if in the presence of Niagara or the ocean.

Then I said, in a feebler challenge, "Well, what *is* 'the style'?"

He professed the admirable ignorance of a wise man in the face of mystery.

"I wish I knew. It looks to me like a big current that takes in everything, that is so big we don't know it's there; just the way people didn't use to know the world was round, because it is too big to see. And it carries us along like dry leaves, and where it's going to nobody knows. We know just as much about it as we do about where water runs underground—which is to say, nothing. But when it comes to that part of style that makes hats and dresses, there are a few people who can hold a hazel-rod and have it point downwards, and they are oftener right than the rest of us. And every one of those few is French and lives in Paris. Don't ask me why. That's the way it is. And it would be enough sight more convenient for *me*, let me tell you, if it were otherwise."

I understood this exclamation, having learned by this time how great an affliction to Mr. Williams personally were these semi-annual trips to France. He knew nothing of Paris outside of the great modistes' shops, and he cared less. Knowing no French, the theaters were closed to him. Being mildly musical (he played the violin a little, I believe), concerts helped a little to allay his *ennui*, but only a little. Being a family man of very domestic tastes, he took slight part in the very cheerful proceedings with which the other buyers whiled away the hours between business operations, and, although he was invited to their gay suppers in expensive restaurants, he struck an austere note there, drinking only water, not smoking, and eating sparingly of simple dishes, quite evidently counting the hours till he could get back to America and to his garden in Westchester County.

In spite of this lack of appreciation of what was offered him, he was very frequently invited to the nightly feasts of his young confrères, and they hung about him eagerly because of their superstitious reverence for what they called his "hunch." "Whatever Grandpa says is going to go, goes," was their expressed belief. They tried by ingenious devices to exploit his scent for the style, to be within earshot when he was making selections, to suborn the milliners into showing them the models he had selected. Such crude, outright efforts at getting the better of him he defeated with a weary dexterity, getting up and leaving a shop abruptly if one of his rivals began to loiter too near him, and letting it be known that he would buy no more from any milliner who reproduced "his" models for one of the other American buyers. This last precaution was not necessary, for the sense of professional honor and jealousy is not keener among doctors themselves than among Paris fashion-makers, nor the capacity for darkly guarding secrets more developed in Renaissance Italian poisoners than in a twentieth-century modiste's shop on the Place Vendôme. Also Mr. Williams, who had seen a whole generation of modistes grow up and disappear into old age, enjoyed the high esteem of those quick-eyed, quick-fingered, quick-witted ladies with the wonderful simple coiffures and the wonderful simple hats. This was not solely because of the very large sums of money which were at his disposition and which he spent with Napoleonic decision and despatch. They respected his competence also. "There is one who can appreciate our work!" they said of him. "He always picks out the best. There is one who could have made hats himself!" A characterization which the American would have repudiated with energy if he could have understood a word they were saying.

But although, as a matter of business acuteness, he refused to allow himself to be exploited in small ways by his young competitors, he was always ready to expound his philosophy to them and to lay down the general lines along which they might develop as he had. Not infrequently their elaborate dinners, where too much had been eaten and drunk by the elaborately dressed women and smooth-shaven young-old men, ended by the question flung despairingly at Mr. Williams's impassive respectability: "Grandpa, how the dickens *do* you *do* it? Tell us!"

He always told them, at length, in detail, as long as they would listen, and they never understood one word of what he said, although, hoping to catch him off his guard and to cull some valuable short-cut tip to success, they lent ears as attentive as their somewhat bemused conditions would let them, as long as their patience held out.

"The trouble with most of you young people," he was wont to say, presenting as he went on the abhorrent spectacle of a man at the Café Riche taking occasional sips from a glass of water, "is that you don't realize that you are up against a *big thing*—the biggest thing there is. You think you can just josh along somehow, pick out what looks good to you, what you think would be pretty for your best girl to wear, and have it go. Nothing like that! What *you* like, what *you* think is pretty, hasn't a thing to do with what's going to happen. What's going to happen *happens*, whether anybody likes it or not, and the

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

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BRITISH SOLDIERS GOING OVER THE TOP AMONG THE SHELL-HOLES ON NEWLY CAPTURED GROUND

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MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT

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MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT L. BULLARD

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MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE W. READ

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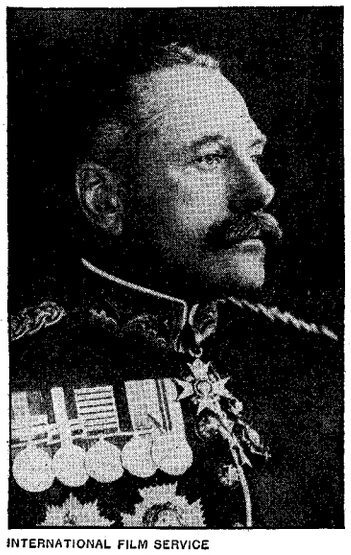
MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM M. WRIGHT



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MAJOR-GENERAL OMAR BUNDY

MEN WHO ARE WINNING THE WAR

The top row of portraits, with one in the second row at the extreme right, shows the commanders of the five corps of the First Army of the American Expeditionary Force in France. Sir Douglas Haig is in command of all the British forces in France. Sir Henry Rawlinson, the other British General here pictured, and General Humbert, the French General, commanded the forces on respectively the northern and southern jaws of the pincers that squeezed the Germans out of their salient in Picardy. Above are seen a few of the rank and file

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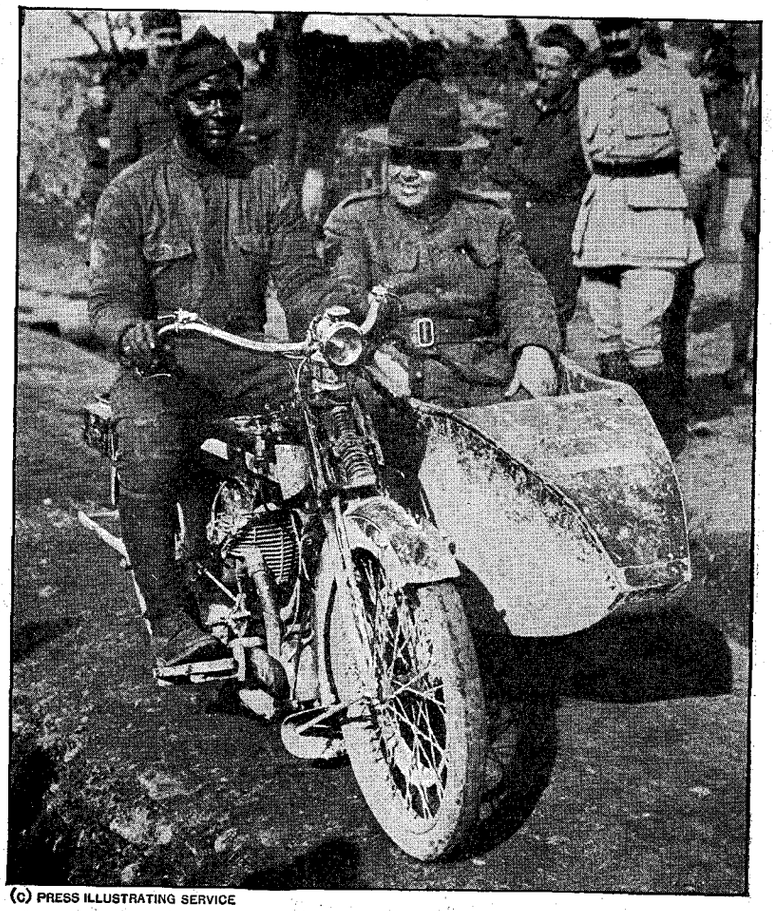
FOOD CONTROLLERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN IN CONFERENCE AT LONDON

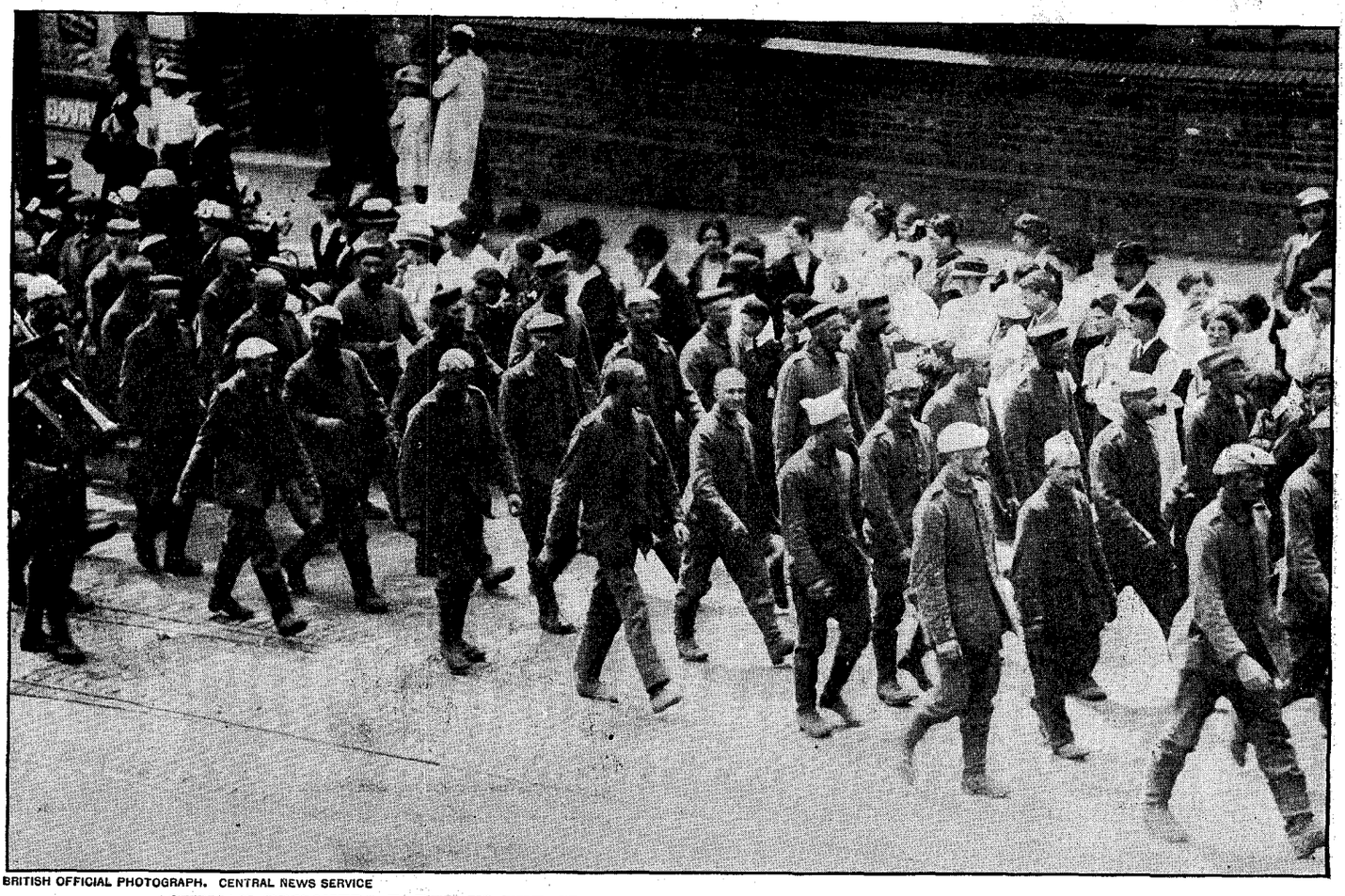
At the left is Herbert C. Hoover, United States Food Administrator; at the right, J. R. Clynes, the British Food Controller, who succeeded Lord Rhondda in that position



(c) PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

A Y. M. C. A. SIDE CAR AT THE FRONT

The photograph was taken at the time of the last great German drive, and shows one of the active workers of the Y. M. C. A. and his no less active assistant and chauffeur, a United States Negro



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH. CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN IN THE GREAT ADVANCE ARRIVING IN SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND

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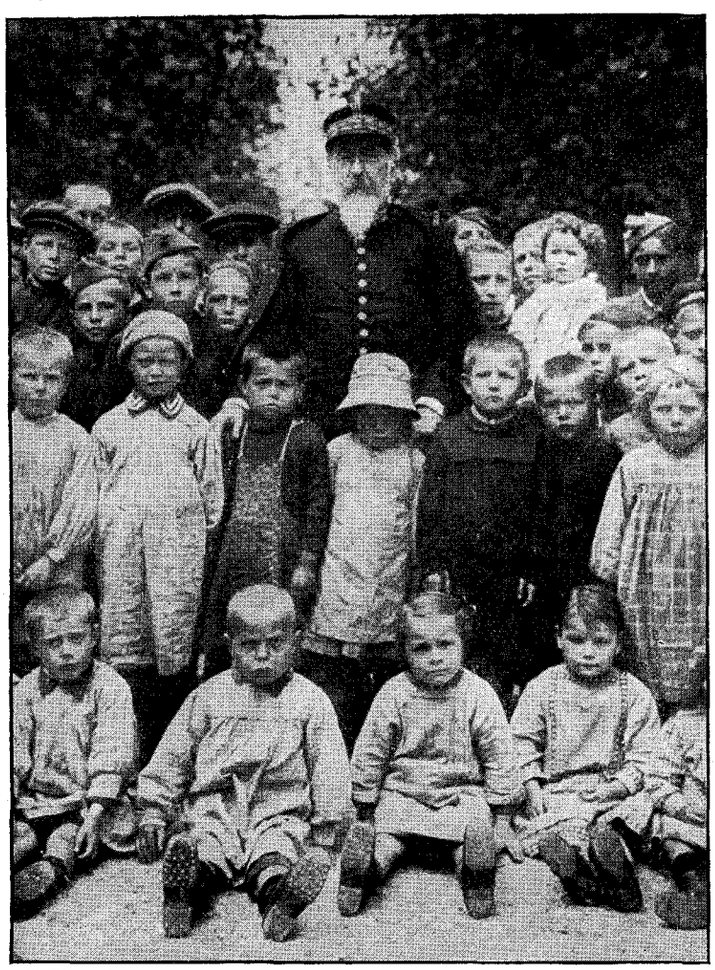

PAUL THOMPSON

SOME WAIFS OF THE WAR ZONE AND THEIR SOLDIER GUARDIAN

The French Government realizes that its most precious heritage is the children, and the picture shows the care it is taking in conserving them

(C) COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

REFUGEE CHILDREN BEFRIENDED BY AMERICAN SAILORS

This picture is a symbol of the whole war. Our men are fighting to make the world safe for such as these children

FRENCH ORPHAN CHILDREN AND THEIR FRIENDS

(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

NEW YORK CITY CHILDREN ENJOYING A COOL BATH AT THE HANDS OF GOOD-NATURED FIREMEN DURING THE RECENT HOT WAVE

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only thing for us to do is to keep our ears to the ground *hard* and try to guess three or four months sooner than most people. Nobody can guess further ahead than that, and mighty few people even as far as that. Most people don't know what style is coming till it hits them in the eye. Now, to make a good guess you've got to keep your eyes open to everything, everything, and then sort of gather yourself together and listen, hold your breath and listen, as if you were eavesdropping folks who were trying to keep a secret from you, as if you had to catch a very faint A sounded way off that you could tune your own fiddle to. And you've got to get passive all over, the way the hypnotizers tell you to do; let yourself go, don't try to have any ideas of your own, don't try to swim against the current, don't try to hurry things up by swimming faster than the current. No power on earth can hurry that current nor make it bring anything but what it's going to bring. And it's up to us, let me tell you, to take what it does bring. I've seen lots of styles that nobody liked—not the modistes who made them, not the buyers who took them to the States, not the hundreds of thousands of American women who paid out their husbands' good money to buy them. And yet those styles had just as big a vogue and lasted just as long as any others, and the buyers who tried to dodge them and who chose what looked prettier to them got everlastingly stung. And aren't there styles that everybody just hates to see disappear—comfortable, decent, becoming styles? But do they stay in just because we'd like to have them? You know they don't.

"And it's no use trying to do anything on your own hook. There was old man Blackmar, head of the Blackmar & Jennings Ribbon Company. He could manufacture ribbons to beat any French factory going *if* he got the designs from France. Every time he tried to have one designed by a perfectly good American designer the ribbon didn't sell. It didn't look so very different, but it wouldn't sell. You'd have thought he'd have learned something out of seeing that happen every time he tried it, wouldn't you? But he never did. Why, I was honestly sorry for him, five or six years ago, when all of a sudden the styles went dead against ribbons or any other trimming for hats. It pretty near ruined him, coming after the modistes had been piling everything they could buy on top of their hats. But he didn't know enough to take his medicine without making a face. He couldn't get it through his head that he was up against a bigger proposition than *he* was, than anybody is. He came to me and he said: 'Williams, I'll give you fifteen thousand dollars, cash, in your hand, if you'll steer things over in Paris so's to bring hat trimmings back into style. Ribbons, of course, if you can; but if not, 'most any kind of trimmings. I can alter our machines to do braids and such. This craze for just the naked hat shapes, with one little rag of an ornament, I tell you, it'll send me into the bankruptcy court.'

"I was very sorry for him, and I said so, and I said I'd do anything to help him out except try to slap back the Hudson River with the flat of my hand. He said he was sick of hearing me always get off that same old guff, and, if I really wanted to, I could. 'Why, they tell me every modiste in Paris calls you "uncle." With plenty of money you could get on the right side of them and get them to launch trimmed styles.'

"I just threw up my hands at that. I saw he didn't know any more about the innerds of his business than a babe unborn. I said to him, 'Why, old man, you don't suppose for a minute that the modistes in Paris *invent* the styles, make 'em up out of their heads? They haven't got any more to say about what it's to be than you or me. All they can do is to take the style that's going to arrive in six months, and put it into silk and felt and straw. They can't have it the way they *want* it, any more than the priestess of something or other could say what she wanted when they put her over the oracle hole, filled her up with gas, and told her to make an oracle.'

"Blackmar was sore as a boil at me, and said if I wouldn't do it he'd give the job to Pierce. Pierce was buying for Condit & Vergary in those days. I said he could throw away all the money he wanted to, but *I* wouldn't help him.

"Well, Pierce tried to swing the deal, bucking the universe all alone, and so proud to have the chance to. He went to all the best modistes in Paris and said he'd give—well, I'm ashamed to tell you what he gave—if they would make him models all trimmed up, heavy and expensive with handsome trimmings. Of course at first they said they couldn't do it, the hats wouldn't be in style. And he said if they made the hats that way and sent them out with their names in gilt letters in the lining they would be in style, would *be* the style. Didn't everything they made set the fashion? They tried to explain to him that that was because they took the greatest pains to make things that *were* in fashion; but, Lord, he couldn't talk their language! He just kept on insisting and holding out those bank notes, and by and by they said, well, to get rid of him, they *would*. And he came to my hotel and bragged all over me like a man who'd cornered the wheat market.

"They did make him trimmed models; and, as they were the best modistes in the world, they were as pretty hats as ever you saw. They were all trimmed up, as per agreement, with ribbons that would make a dead woman sit up and reach out her hand. Pierce took me into his office before they were packed to show them to me, and he said, '*Now*, Grandpa, what you got to say?' And I said: 'You let me know four months from now how much money you've made on them.'

"About six weeks after that, back in New York, I went into his office, and there, by George, were all but two of his fifteen models! None of the American manufacturers would have them—not at any price. They'd send their head milliner to see them, and she'd say, 'Oh, what perfectly lovely ribbon!' but no, thanks, she didn't want to buy the model, because they wouldn't sell. They weren't what were being worn that season. Pierce said, 'Great Scott! look at the labels! They come from all the best modistes in Paris!' And she'd say, she couldn't help that; if they weren't what was being worn, they wouldn't sell. And before three months were up he'd given them to the janitor's little girl for dolls' clothes. There you are!"

There were evident signs of inattention from his audience by this time, but he went on: "And young Hammond, he tried to tear the teeth off the buzz-saw with his fingers, too. And *he* got what was coming to him. He had a great idea—regular perpetual-motion scheme for economy—of how he could beat the game, and he hypnotized old John Harbine into standing for it. It was as simple as bread and milk. Hammond would take up a Paris modiste—somebody on a back street somewhere—get her under contract to be 'Harbine's,' and Harbine's alone. Then they'd put her name in the hands of the best advertising agency in New York and let things rip. Well, they started out as though they were going to a fire. You couldn't see the spokes, the wheels went around so fast. The advertising people delivered the goods, put the best people on their force on the job. I remember they had one college-graduate woman that could write ads that would make you pay five dollars for a strawberry basket—*once!* She wrote up their great find in Paris, wrote it up like a magazine short story—modiste who up to the time Hammond had spotted her had been so exclusive you couldn't find her with a microscope, had only worked for the pure-bloods among the French aristocracy, no mere Americans had ever known her name (you can bet your life they hadn't!)—you can imagine the kind of patter, the sort of thing women suck up by the barrelful. And then, owing to unheard-of prices offered by Harbine's out of that disinterested devotion to American womanhood which is Harbine's great quality, she had finally consented to send a few hats, never more than a dozen a season, to Harbine's, where the first collection would be on exhibition March 21, and which would be exactly copied to order in imported materials with all the inimitable *chic* of the original models, for such low prices as from fifteen dollars up.

"It was well done. I'm bound to admit that ad writer got just the right æsthetic, superior tone into it. And as for Hammond, he ought to have been a stage-manager. He got some of the people back of me sort of worried. They came to me, 'Looky here, Grandpa, sure you're not missing a point in the game? How *about* this Suzette Rellot person?'

"I said: 'Her real name is Marie Duval, and she used to sew in linings at Réboux; that's who *she* is. If she *could* have trimmed hats, you can bet your life Réboux would have developed her years ago. Réboux has candles burning in every church in Paris, praying Heaven to send her apprentices that she can do something with. And if she *can't* trim hats you can bet your life old man Harbine is going to lose some money, a

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lot of it in one clip, and he and Jimmy Hammond will part company with a bang.'

"Well, I was over here in Paris when their great opening came off. But I heard about it. Nothing lacked. They all but served free champagne. But when I went back, only a month later, the talk was already going around among folks on the ins that there was something the matter with the Rellot collection. The women weren't just crazy about the hats, and the modistes wouldn't look at them. Later on, what was left of them were sent down to South America—Colombia, I think. Women just hatching out from mantillas will stand for anything with a French label on it! And that summer Jimmy Hammond decided he'd go in for life insurance."

When he had talked as long as this, I was usually the only person left listening, the rest having yawned, turned to each other, or melted away. But I listened always, open-mouthed with astonishment and wonder. Before putting on my hats in those days I used to look at them hard, with respect, almost with alarm, feeling heavy on my head the weight of their unsuspected significance. Wondering what the great expert's opinion would be about the plain, every-day hats of ordinary women, I asked him one day: "Tell me, can you descend to small beer? What do you think of the hats you see, not in those wonderful silk-hung studios, but those you see on the heads of the women in the streets, on mine? Is this hat I have on stylish? I warn you, I bought it off a counter for less than four dollars."

He answered instantly, without giving a glance at my headgear: "You are a healthy, normal woman, and you're wearing it. Of course it's in style. If it weren't and you had to wear it, you'd be sick abed."

"You exaggerate, you are always exaggerating," I protested. "You only know women who *care* about the styles. I never bother my head about my hats! I just walk into almost any shop and buy the first hat that doesn't make me look too queer."

"You don't have to bother yourself about it," he told me, his accent tinged with weary bitterness. "*We* do the bothering. Months beforehand. An army of us—able-bodied men, smart women, pretty young girls—we all of us give up our lives to fixing things so you can walk into 'most any shop and pick up 'most any hat and find it doesn't make you look 'too queer,' which is your way of saying that it doesn't make you look out of style."

"There are moments," I told him, in a half-serious indignation, "when I find you too absurd for words, the victim of the most absurd of hallucinations. All this portentous talk about the world-wide conspiracy to make people keep up with the style—as if the style had any importance for sensible people!"

"If you knew more about the capital and brains that are invested in that conspiracy, you'd take it seriously, all right," he assured me with melancholy; "and as for not taking the styles seriously, how many thousand dollars would it take to pay you to go around in the street one day—just one day—in the big bustle your mother used to be ashamed to go outdoors without?"

I lost myself in horrified contemplation of the grotesque vision he had conjured up, and forgot to refute him. Perhaps I couldn't.

Towards the end of his stay he was very much troubled by persistent rumors that the boat on which he was to sail would be torpedoed on the way to New York. He acknowledged with the fatigued frankness of his sixty years' past that he was mortally afraid of the passage, and that his fear would deprive him of sleep all the way over. "No sane man likes to be killed," he complained, "let alone be blown up and burned to death and drowned into the bargain! I'm a family man. I want to go on earning a living for my wife and children."

The evening before he went away he was so fretful about this and so outspoken about his dread that I asked him, "Why don't you wait over a boat?"

"Oh, what's the use? One boat's as likely to go down as another. And, anyhow, I've got to get home. And then come over again for the next season, curse the luck!"

I thought him again a little absurd. "Oh, come, the heavens wouldn't fall if you missed one or two seasons."

He turned grave, and, after a moment's hesitation, opened a door which I had thought locked and nailed up, and showed me that the room in his heart which I had thought was certainly empty and vacant was a queer, dimly lighted little chapel, with queer, dim little candles burning before what was recognizably an ideal.

"Oh, it's no time for anybody to lie down on the job," he said, offhand. I did not dream that he was referring to the war. I had become convinced that his curious, specialized world held no place for the horror and apprehension which filled the lives of the rest of us. Nor had I ever seen him give any signs of the shocked pity which most people feel at the sight of the war-maimed men, the black-clad, white-faced war orphans, and the widows with blurred eyes. I had thought he saw in France, only and uniquely, hats. So I asked, in genuine ignorance of his meaning, "How do you mean? This being no time to lie down on the job? What job?"

He sat back in his chair and looked at the ceiling thereafter as he talked, transferring his gaze to his finger-tips, joined with nicety. "Well, I guess I mean something about like this. If we humans are to get on at all, get any further away from having tails and living in trees, we've got to knock down the partitions and make one big room of the world—the same way each nation is one big room, with the blacksmith trading his horseshoes for clothes and not trying to be a tailor himself. Take farmers. Maybe you can't remember, but *I* can, when old farmers in Connecticut raised nearly every single thing they used all the year around and were proud of being such idiots. Nowadays the Connecticut farmer don't waste his time trying to grow corn in a climate where you're liable to get frosts in early September; he leaves the farmer in Iowa to do that, and he raises the best apples in the world, and with the money he makes that way he buys him oranges that a Florida farmer has raised. It's my opinion that we've got to come to that on a big, big scale. And if we do come to it there won't be any more wars. Now I don't know anything about anything but hats, and so I don't try to have an opinion about the League of Nations, nor how the trick is going to be turned by the statesmen—if there are any such; but if it *is* going to be turned, it's going to take everybody's shoulder to the wheel, you can be sure. And I've got a shoulder. What's got to be done is to get it through everybody's head that every nation ought not to learn to produce anything but what it can produce best, and that self-defense ought not to force it to make a botch of trying to do what another nation could do better. Now *one* of the things that France can produce better than other people (and it happens to be the thing that I know about) is hats. I don't know whether it's because she's been at the business of running the styles so long, so much longer than anybody else so that she's got all her fibers settled together just right to catch the note, the way the wood in an old violin trembles all over at sounds that leave the wood in the leg of a chair perfectly calm. Mind, I don't say the violin is any more important than a chair. As far as I'm concerned personally, if I had to choose, I'd rather have the chair. What I'm trying to say is that they are *different*. And we've got to get used to the idea that *because things are different it doesn't mean one's better than the other and they ought both to be like the best one.* Now maybe it's the other way around—that France has been at this business of setting styles so long because she's had the gift to begin with. Anyhow, what's sure is that they do it better, everything along that line—ribbons, braids, straws, hats, dresses, furniture, houses, parks. Original designs don't come from anywhere but France. But France is at war and pretty nearly gone under. She's got to make her designs with one hand and fight for her life with the other."

He paused. "Well, I don't feel just like picking out that time to stop coming to France to get her designs and to do my part to keep up the taste for them at home."

I found no sufficiently admiring comment to make on this, and kept a respectful silence.

He went on, rubbing his hand back and forth over his gray hair: "But all that is only my guess at it. What's my guess worth? Nothing. But it's all I've got to go by, and so I *do* go by it. I don't know anything about anything but hats, and I can't but just make a guess at them."

He folded his hands before him and sighed. "There is a lot too much in hats for any one man to understand."

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I

Based on The Outlook of August 21, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The War on the Sea; The "Honorable Hun."

Reference: Pages 611–614.

Questions:

1. What are the facts about the latest developments of Germany's submarine warfare as recorded in The Outlook? 2. Is there any international law as to lightships, lighthouses, and Coast Guard stations? Suppose there was none, can you give several reasons why Germany should not destroy such property? 3. What is meant when it is said that lightship men are on duty much like that of surgeons and chaplains? 4. Of Herr Harden's statements quoted in The Outlook which do you consider the most important and the most significant? Reasons. 5. Does Herr Harden's reasoning justify the belief that only when Germany has been beaten into a state of military helplessness can we expect her to be in a state of mind suitable for the conference table? Can the Allies do this? Explain why or why not. 6. What light do the references for this topic throw upon Goethe's statement: "The Prussians are naturally cruel; civilization will make them ferocious"? Comment on this remark. 7. Give several reasons why Germans in Germany by the thousands do not see the light as does Herr Harden. 8. How and when will the German people see "that America entered the war from idealistic motives," and that America and her allies are fighting for the freedom of Germany as well as for that of the world? 9. Discuss Kaiserism twenty years hence if the Allies do not end it now. 10. Read three valuable and inexpensive books, all published by Putnams: "The Guilt of Germany" (Lichnowsky's Memorandum); "Deutschland Über Alles," by J. J. Chapman; "Democracy and the War," by John F. Coar.

B. Topic: Britain's Part in the War; Britain's Bit.

Reference: Page 612; editorial, page 619.

Questions:

1. The Outlook thinks that on August 7, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George delivered "one of the greatest and most effective speeches of his career." What points in The Outlook's summary of that speech would tend to lead one to think likewise? 2. In what respects and to what extent are America and the civilized nations of the world indebted to the British navy? Discuss liberally. 3. In August, 1914, the British army consisted of 700,000 men. On January 14, 1918, the British Empire had contributed to the world's struggle for democracy 7,500,000 men, and Britain has fought on as many as fourteen fronts. Is Britain doing her bit? In the light of these facts, discuss America's duty in the struggle. 4. State and discuss The Outlook's reasons why Americans do not understand the British as well as some other peoples. 5. Present several reasons as to why "it is our business, our duty, to make it easy for them [the British] to understand us," and why "it is our business in this war to understand them." In this exercise point out no less than seven fundamental principles of American government bequeathed to us by our English ancestors. 6. It is your duty to read and study G. B. Adams's book, "An Outline Sketch of English Constitutional History" (Yale University Press)—inexpensive, the very best.

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The Vanishing Immigrant.

Reference: Pages 618, 619.

Questions:

1. Who are immigrants? Distinguish between these and emigrants. Are there aliens who are not immigrants? immigrants who are not aliens? aliens who are emigrants? Explain. 2. What are the restrictions which have been placed by Congress upon immigrants? Do you think that these restrictions are just to all concerned? 3. By what authority has the Secretary of Labor the right to nullify the operation of laws passed by Congress? 4. Tell what you think of the change in our immigration policy. Would you advocate this as a permanent policy? 5. Discuss immigration as a political and as an economic question.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Profiteering cannot be stopped. 2. Immigration restrictions retard democratic development.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for August 21, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Promulgate, altruism, foundations of civilized life (612); dynasty, incendiarism, fatalistic view, Frederick the Great (614); feats, strategic, Czechoslovaks (612); reticence, vernacular, Hohenzollerns (619), emulous (620).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

THE MEN OF THE NAVY

BY REMSEN D. BIRD

Quietly they work upon the mighty deep.
The enemy lurks in the waters below,
The enemy trains his gun from the shore,
The enemy flies far above in the sky,
The enemy plants in the channel his mines,
Where the path is sure,
Where the *goulet* is narrow
And the rocks are high.

Quietly they work upon the mighty deep.
Little fishing boats
Raise their sails
And leave the friendly wall;
Transports, blotched with many a color,
Carry their precious loads of men;
And heavy freighters laden with cargoes
Of oil and powder,
Of steel and lumber,
Of food and clothes,
Of guns and high explosives,
Sail steadily on and on.

Quietly they work upon the mighty deep.
The men on battleships,
Cruisers,
Destroyers,
Mine-sweepers, seaplanes, submarines,
Transports, colliers, trawlers,
Tugboats,
Chasers,
And private yachts, once trim and white,
Ships men built for pleasure,
But now
In the service
Tried and proved
Worthy convoyers.

Quietly they work upon the mighty deep.
Sweeping up mines, stopping up ports,
Dropping depth charges,
Convoying merchantmen,
Transports and freighters,
Loading great vessels
With coal at sea,
Saving men from boats ablaze,
Picking up survivors,
Passing many a weary hour,
Doing many a noble deed,
With never a word,
With never a thought
Of the hazard.

Quietly they work upon the mighty deep.
Down in the bellies of many ships
They shovel coal,
The stokers,
Others high in cro'nests gaze afar
For periscopes against the waves,
For jutting rocks and buoys,
For lighthouses and mines,
For rafts and men afloat,
And for the great blue stretch
Of distant land.
Others wash down decks,
And polish brass,
And cook the food,
And, weary, hold the wheel.
Others listen for the click,
The click amid the whir,
The click that gives command,
That calls far out upon the waters,
"We need your help."

Quietly they work upon the mighty deep.
Officers and crew,
Men who sleep
A hundred in quarters
Made for ten,
With portholes closed,
With air like poison gas,
Schoolboys,
Clerks,

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The Men of the Navy (Continued)

Musicians,
And men
Whose care was play.

Quietly they work upon the mighty deep.
Let us here praise them.
Their quiet service,
Their humility,
Their steadfastness,
Their cheerfulness,
Their efficiency,
Their achievement,
Their patriotism,
Their heroism
(Of which they never speak),
Let us here praise them.
These men,
The men of the Navy,
The men of our Navy,
Our Navy, our own Navy,
Our Navy most glorious.

"WRITE TO THE CHAPLAINS"

BY CLYDE F. ARMITAGE

Secretary of the General Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America

Write to the chaplain. He is human and likes to have your correspondence while he cannot have your fellowship in person. He is usually a busy man, but is seldom too busy to read your letters and answer them. Sometimes he is homesick, and needs your letters more than you imagine.

The following paragraph is quoted from a letter just received from one of the new chaplains at sea with one of our battle-ships:

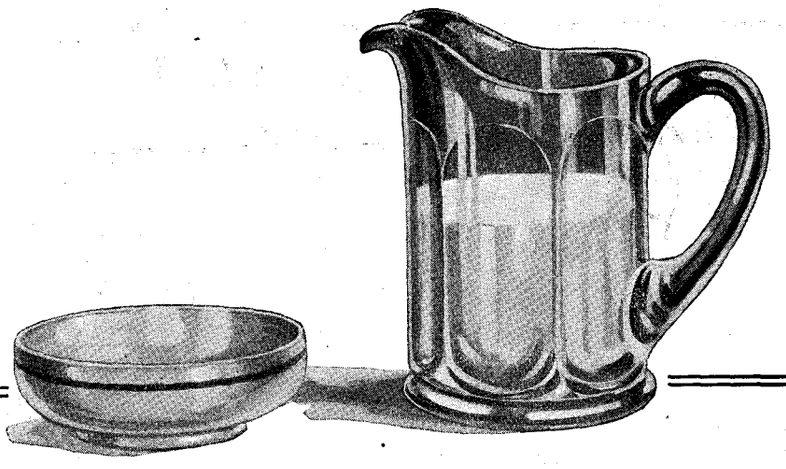
"I seldom hear from ——. I hunger to hear from him once in a while, giving me some good advice as to work. I have hesitated to write him because I knew he was so busy.

"From this letter, I imagine that you think I am homesick for something. Not that. Just hungering for some good news and some letters. Some good parson back in the pastoral work would do a great big favor to make a practice of writing us some good encouraging letters once in a while."

We have seen much in the papers about the necessity of writing to the enlisted men, and we are doing it, but it is as necessary to write to the chaplains and we should be as glad to do it. Sometimes our letters will fill a real need, and often they will make it possible to open up other avenues through which the chaplain may fill his additional needs. On the other hand, your correspondence with the chaplain may give you information that you need, may hearten you because of the spiritual successes he is winning, and may open up ways through which your further needs may be supplied.

If some one asks, "What shall we write?" the question applies only to the first letter; the ensuing correspondence will care for itself. The first letter should be strong and brave, but should have no sob stuff; it should not be an encomium on the chaplain himself, nor on chaplains in general. It should be full of "pep" and manly, not overly pious. It should not tell the chaplain how soon the war will end now that America is really in it, but should, without mentioning the duration of the war, help put that spirit into the chaplain that will enable him to inspire his men to stay with it until the finish.

In time of peace, the Church promptly forgot most of the ministers who went into the Army or Navy chaplaincy. Shall we let them think that we have forgotten them in time of war?



A Quart a Day

For a Child, They Say

A Noted Food Authority Says:

"No young person can be expected to thrive on less than a pint of milk daily. And a quart is the right amount."

Multiply Its Goodness By Floating Puffed Grains in It

Milk is a cheap food. It is a complete food when whole-grain is served with it.

It is an essential food for young folks.

To all it is the one indispensable food.

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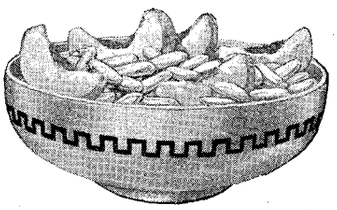
These are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. So the greatest food a child can have is some Puffed Grain in milk. And the proper daily allotment is all that a child will eat.



Also use like nut meats as garnish for ice cream. Also as wafers in soups.

Puffed Rice **Puffed Wheat** **Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

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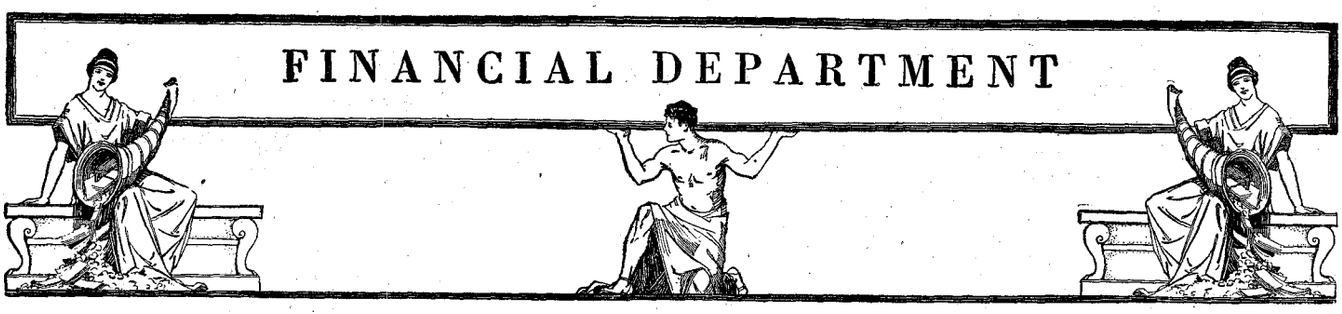

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

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SAVING FOR THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

HOW WE CAN REMOVE AN OBSTACLE TO VICTORY BY CURTAILING LUXURIES

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

Mr. Laughlin is one of the foremost living political economists and has an international reputation as an authority in finance and political science. He was formerly Professor of Political Economy at Harvard from 1883 to 1887, at Cornell from 1890 to 1892, and at Chicago University from 1892 to 1916.—THE EDITORS.

ONE of the first lessons from the war is that the enormous expenses for maintaining our rights cannot be met by multiplying the forms of money or by an undue expansion of credit. Money and credit are only the mechanism by which fundamental transfers of goods are carried through. To carry on the war the primary need is for goods produced by essential industries to meet the needs of our Army and Navy, for goods needed by the great civilian population for food and necessary consumption in a simple method of living. When our Government borrows, it must have transferred to it, not empty forms of money and credit based on artificial assets and claims that cannot be collected, but actual purchasing power over goods. Moreover, there must go with this purchasing power over goods such industrial conditions, such an attitude both of employers and employees, that production of goods may go on, not only at the old standard of efficiency, but at a higher rate of turnover than ever before. Since millions have gone to the front, those must work who have never before added to production.

We can carry on the war only out of the productive power of our people. The more we can produce, the more we can divert to the purposes of war. What is the total fund on which we can draw? It is not the capital of to-day, which was the outcome of the saving of yesterday. It is the total product of the country by which it exceeds the main necessaries of life, and upon which surplus new incentives to save must be directed. The total volume of production in the United States in excess of the necessaries of life is almost incredibly large. There have entered into this result the accumulated forces of invention and progress for centuries, the combined efficiency of marvelous forms of new machinery, the development of new power such as gas and electricity, the rise of a new technique replacing hand labor, the gains of science and discovery. All these aids to the efforts of human labor have been applied to unequaled resources in coal, ores, and materials. The results have shown themselves in an increase of our National wealth from $43,000,000,000 in 1880 to $187,000,000,000 in 1912. We hardly realize what an enormous force of labor, capital, managerial skill, and invention is to-day devoted to making articles which supply wants not essential to health and actual existence—wants that could go unsatisfied without loss of physical energy. For instance, think of the millions accumulated merely in supplying feather-bone for stiffening ladies' collars or in providing articles of vanity. Nearly all this vast surplus of product over and above the necessaries of life—by some gradual process of adjustment to new industries—could as a last resource be taken by the Government for war purposes. It is not likely that it will all be taken, but it could be, if needed to win the war. We have already taken a considerable step in this direction, as labor and capital have been directed into the making of shells, guns, ships, and munitions of all kinds; but as yet we have trenched very little on our great surplus.

How does the Government get control of a part of this great surplus of wealth, and how is the country able to give it? There are only two ways by which the Government can get it: (1) by taxation, or (2) by loans. By the former the State takes outright, and never repays; by the latter the State borrows the purchasing power over goods and agrees to repay in the future. In either case, the outside limit to our power to pay taxes or to provide loans is the surplus of our production above necessaries. If the Government gets it, the former possessors of it have to forego their consumption over goods to that extent. It is obvious that the same wealth cannot be consumed in two ways at the same time. Hence the possibility of floating the Fourth Liberty Loan depends on the willingness of our people to restrict their consumption of goods and turn over the equivalent to the Treasury through subscriptions to National loans. First of all, they must cease buying luxuries or articles not absolutely necessary to daily comfort. But that is only another name for saving. Saving means foregoing of personal consumption for a future gain. Thus we see that loans on the enormous scale demanded by the war cannot be got from capital saved on antebellum conditions, but only by a newly stimulated, patriotic willingness to apply a restriction over consumption to the vast surplus of production over necessaries. That is, great new loans can come only from new saving applied to this enormous surplus. In a word, the Government can get control of a portion of our vast surplus of production by saving on the part of each individual, and by use of these savings to buy Liberty Bonds. If every one subscribes in proportion to his power to save, a new stimulus to the formation of capital is applied to an enormous fund of wealth not before saved. Even if the demand for luxuries falls off, labor and capital are not thrown out of employment, for they are transferred to other work; they are released to enter the war industries which provide goods for our Army and Navy. So long as our total productive power is sufficient, not only to provide the fundamental necessities for our civilian population, but also to yield a great remainder out of our vast product to be devoted for a few years to carrying on the war, we can go on easily enough.

Consequently we need not be disturbed by the size of the new loans demanded by the Treasury. Our resources are very great; and we can take up a vast loan out of such of our resources as have been in the past a part of our unnecessary consumption. The ability to subscribe for the new loan, therefore, is a matter of the spirit; it depends on the will to save. Are we at home willing to limit such pleasure as we derive from non-essential consumption in order that we may support the men who are offering their lives? There can be but one answer.

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Women In the Industries Bring New Problems

WAR-TIME conditions have brought large numbers of girls and women to nearly all industries, many of which offered them no place before. This advent of the women into America's factory life, on a greater scale, has created new problems for factory heads.

"Standard" Equipment for Factories

One of these problems is a need for improved sanitary conditions; for cleaner surroundings, particularly in wash-rooms; for better plumbing; all of these being in keeping with what the woman worker naturally deserves and requires.

In "Factory Sanitation," executives and managers will find suggestions in line with their sanitary needs. A copy will be sent free on request. Industrial heads who are confronted by the Housing problem should know the completeness of "Standard" service.

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for Mills, Mines and Factories—also the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil Industries. Write to or call upon the nearest wholesale house.

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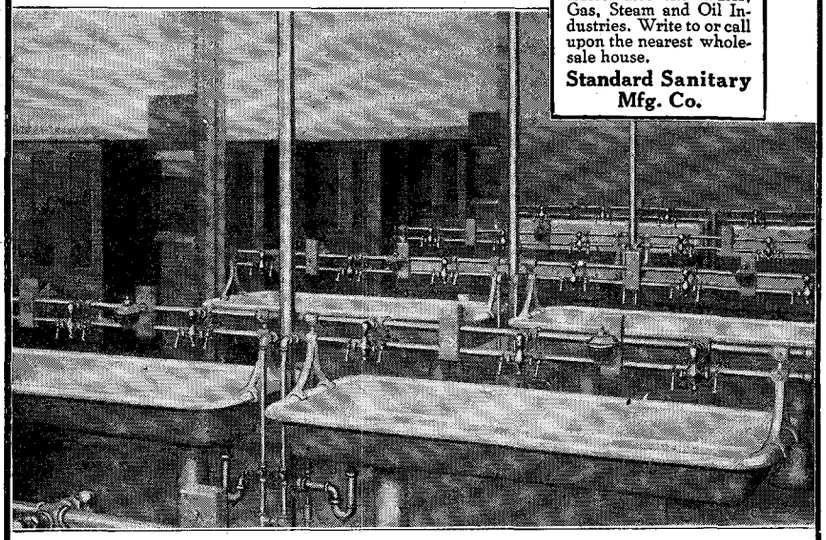

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NURSES TO THE FRONT

Young women desiring to enlist in the United States Student Nurse Reserve, described in The Outlook for July 17, should enroll at the nearest recruiting station established by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. This Committee has a State Division in every State and a great number of local units. It expects to have at least twelve thousand recruiting stations all over the country. Young women who desire further information or who wish to make any particular inquiries are referred to their State Division of the Woman's Committee.

BRING OUR WAR PRISONERS TO AMERICA

Now, for the first time, we are taking prisoners in large numbers. What disposition will be made of them? Doubtless they can be used to advantage as laborers behind the lines. But there are many reasons why it would be well to bring them to America. In the first place, we have the returning transports, on which they could be brought with little or no expense. Secondly, their labor in America would be almost as directly tributary to the success of our Army as it would if expended there on the ground. Thirdly, it would greatly hearten the people of America to know that such and such consignments of prisoners had actually been received over here. The Germans are making much of their exhibits of unending lines of prisoners; they even move them about from one prison to another to let the people see them, throw stones at them, and spit upon them.

It would be a good thing to bring directly home to us the question of how we shall treat our prisoners, assuming, of course, that we have enough of the grace of God to determine the question aright—to treat them kindly and well, regardless of the manner in which prisoners taken from us are treated. We might do a little missionary work among them—teach them the ideals of Christianity and of democracy. Finally, there is another and far greater good that would result: it would very materially increase the number of prisoners taken.

It is always difficult to view the other fellow's problems through his eyes; especially is it difficult for the well-nurtured, free American so to view the problems of the oppressed of Austria. The results of overwork and underfeeding, illiteracy, mental stagnation, and fear sink them beneath our ken. Their psychology is that which ours would be a couple of hundred years hence were Germany to win this war. There is just one bright hope that the future holds out to these people, and that is America. The mobilization order cut short the flood tide of their greatest emigration; almost two per cent of the entire population of the dual Kingdom came over in the three years preceding the war. And they who were so fortunate as to be able to come were but a small fraction of those who were dreaming, planning, and saving to follow.

Many a time I have been told by Austrian immigrants that there is no Austria; there is a Bohemia, a Hungary, a Slavonia, a Croatia, and so on, but no Austria—"No, meester, Austria only a name." And these people of diverse races, forced into unnatural relations, hate one another intensely. The dual Kingdom is bound together, not by ties of cohesion, but by the sum of mutual repulsions. As sojourners in a con-

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Bring Our War Prisoners to America (Continued)

quered land, they despise the home of to-day and idealize the home of to-morrow. The immigrant's idealism of America is traditional, but seldom do we trouble to analyze that emotion. It is not a spontaneous growth in the heart of the immigrant, but a sentiment indigenous to the community whence he came. And that emotion is none other than the purest patriotism. Often in the old thoughtless ante-bellum days I was shamed by the intensity of the love that I heard expressed by some raw immigrant for my native land. I recall one, a great brawny Hungarian, who, lacking words to express his emotion, called me out of doors, and, pointing to earth, sky, water, and horizon, with streaming eyes, knelt and reverently kissed the ground. Yet of such as he are the soldiers of Austria. Of course the war has afforded hope to some of these. Some, visualizing a free native land, have already taken strong action to give it expression. That heroic army now battling in a thin line across Siberia reminds us of the vast numbers of prisoners easily taken by Russia in the early days of the war. But the hope of America has been far more general, more bright, more practicable, to the great majority of these people than the hope of a regenerated homeland. Let us therefore bring our prisoners over here, for by so doing we will have many more to bring.

ALBERT L. WILLIAMS.

Madison, Wisconsin.

[What the immigrant meant when he said there was no Austria is that there is no such nation as Austria-Hungary, which is simply a term for a group of nationalities. Of that group Austria is a part and a dominating part.—THE EDITORS.]

THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

APRIL 16, 1865

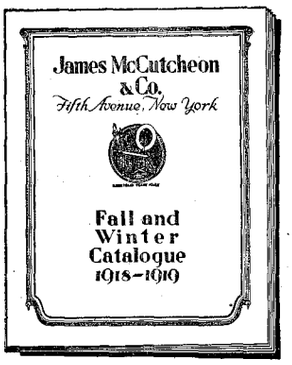
Major George Haven Putnam, of New York, a veteran of the Civil War, and one of the leaders in crystallizing public opinion in this country in favor of our entry into the great European war, has recently visited England to make some addresses on America's relation to the present struggle. The growing friendly understanding between Great Britain and the United States is marked by many public tokens, not one of the least interesting of which is the following sonnet written by Canon Rawnsley, a well-known clergyman of the Church of England. In writing to us Major Putnam says Canon Rawnsley was moved to write these lines by hearing a talk by him on Lincoln at a public school where they met. It is not out of place to recall here the fact that one of the most beautiful poems on the death of Lincoln was written by an Englishman, Tom Taylor, of "Punch," and that the best recent one-volume biography of Lincoln was written by an Englishman, Lord Charnwood.

Well I remember on that morn of dread,
When huddled in the street the "darkies" lay
Groaning that harm—how heard they could not say—
Had happened to our father and our head,
I saw a rider—come as one who sped
On some unwilling errand of dismay—
Hand a despatch, and heard our captain say
Words that seemed nigh to choke him, "Lincoln's dead!"

Fallen our tower of strength, our noblest tree,
Helpless and orphaned when our need was most!
How could we face the world he died to save?
Then with the sound and sorrow of a wave
That breaks with moan of a disconsolate sea
I heard the sobbing of a mighty host.

July 12, 1918. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

McCutcheon's New Fall Catalogue



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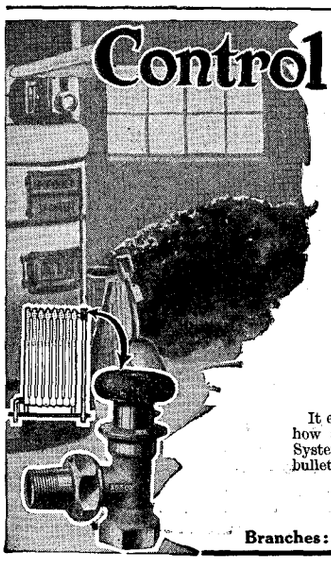

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BY THE WAY

Here is a tale, says John Van Ess in "Asia," that exhibits a choice bit of Turkish acumen. "I happened to be on a Turkish river steamer. There were four Europeans in the first saloon. The cook had prepared a roast for our dinner and placed it in the scullery window. Shortly before dinner he came frantically to the pasha (who commanded the three hundred soldiers on board) exclaiming that the roast had been stolen. The pasha, unperturbed, detailed an aide to hunt out the thief. 'Line up the soldiers on deck,' said he, 'and smell every man's breath. He whose breath does not smell of onions is the thief. Bring him quick!' In an incredibly short time the aide returned, leading a gaunt soldier who meekly admitted his guilt." Presumably all the other soldiers had dined on onion stew, while the guilty man was redolent of choice roast beef.

George Herbert's familiar couplet about "drudgery divine," which has been an inspiration to generations of housekeepers,

> "Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes that and th' action fine,"

has an exemplar in a correspondent of a household magazine who writes:

> As a housekeeper and home-maker I have not found anything more restful than a nice, clean home. I do have to work very hard to get it so. I start at one end and sweep and clean and put everything in place. When I get through I am very tired, but when I go through my house and see the rooms all in order and clean, it certainly does give me a restful feeling—it makes me feel I have something to show for being tired.

A New York City department store, Wanamaker's, announces that henceforth it will be open only from ten in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon. In this way it will conserve coal and light, and also help to lessen the congestion of travel on the subways. Shoppers, it is assumed, can easily adapt themselves to these shorter hours, with resulting benefit to the workers who must use the transportation systems during the "rush" periods of the day.

Even the "stars" in the movies sometimes get hurt in doing a strenuous stunt. A despatch says that Geraldine Farrar was seriously injured recently during a movie battle in Wyoming while she was trying to ward off an attack from the villain of the piece. The play's title—"The Hell-Cat"—suggests that there is plenty of dangerous action in it.

Why is the ordinary white potato often called the "Irish" potato, when, as is well known, it is a native of America? A pamphlet issued by the National Agricultural Department indicates the answer. It says that the potato is a native of tropical South America, whence it was introduced to Europe by the Spaniards. It was brought to North America from Ireland, it is stated, by a colony of Presbyterian Irish who settled in New Hampshire in 1719. It would thus appear that the potato's roundabout journey to us fairly entitles it to be called Irish.

This must surely be the year of jubilee for the workingman. A New York City labor agency has this sign in its window:

CARPENTERS WANTED—$50 WEEKLY

China is fast attaining all the marks of Western civilization. A correspondent of the "Railway Age" says that a hold-up on one of the railways recently took place—the first in the history of China. It was accompanied with all the appurtenances of the traditional Wild West affair of the sort, with some added Celestial improvements. Besides taking all valuables from the passengers and the express car, the bandits removed about a dozen well-to-do passengers from the train to be held for ransom.

A young Kansas farm hand, "who is surely destined to climb high," as "The Writer" satirically remarks, sent a story to the editor of a magazine and accompanied it with this proposition:

> If you accept the story, send me $75, and then go to work and advertise that you paid me $5,000 for the manuscript. This the papers will take up as a news item and it will go like wildfire. I will keep all this strictly secret. You do the same. Have a short story of my life, with my photo. Under photo say: "The handsome young Kansas author who has made himself famous and received $5,000 for a few strokes of his pen."

A Washington subscriber writes: "To-day's 'Latest News,' a one-sheet news bulletin printed here, contains this item: 'Chicago.—Alexander Karensky is in the United States, having arrived in Cognito on a recent steamer.' The 'News' editor probably didn't have time to look up Cognito in the atlas; but in any case he needn't have been so precise—he might have said, 'at an Atlantic port.'"

A letter from a German prisoner in France, published in a book called "The Good Soldier," says: "At the military hospital at Bourges, as also at Bar-le-Duc, we were the object of the most assiduous and eager attention. I know your heart, my dear mamma, I know how good you are. Go then also to relieve the misery of the poor French wounded, and do for them as much good as you can. Yes, do it, I beg you, in recognition of what in France they have done for your son."

In a recent address before the American Library Association, Mr. George H. Locke, chief librarian of the public library of Toronto, Canada, paid a tribute to the camp libraries of the United States. He said that in efficiency of organization he had never seen the work of these libraries equaled. He emphasized a work which the public libraries of all communities may do—that of informing and enlightening the public as to the causes and progress of the war. An intelligent librarian, he said, may also do much to help in co-ordinating the efforts of patriotic committees of every kind in their efforts to aid the men at the front. A good library may well become an organizing center for such work.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose human and civilizing work in Labrador is known internationally, has sent us the following stanza written by his brother and used during the war as an additional stanza to "God Save the King!" It is interesting to compare this with the stanza which is sometimes sung in this country as an additional stanza to "America," which is as follows:

> "God save our splendid men,
> Bring them safe home again,
> God save our men!
> Make them victorious,
> Patient and chivalrous,
> They are so dear to us—
> God save our men!"

The verse that Dr. Grenfell sends is this:

> "God bless our absent ones;
> Father, protect thy sons,
> On field or foam.
> Give them brave hearts to fight;
> Use them to stablish right;
> Shield them with loving might,
> And bring them home."

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

Mexico's Dilemma. By Carl W. Ackerman. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

Fresh from two years' experience with the German character in Germany, this well-known newspaper correspondent went a year ago to Mexico to estimate the significance of the German activities there. The pressing question has been: Must the United States intervene in Mexico before that country can take its place among the great nations of the world? The answer, according to this author, is, "Yes; but there is more than one way of intervening in Mexico." He does not believe that we should be justified to-day in intervening there with armed forces to protect American life or property, because he has confidence in the possibilities of a Mexican Government if the leaders and the people are given an opportunity to work out their own political destinies. But—and this is a big but—if German intrigue continues to stir up hatred for the United States, and if the United States and her allies are attacked from Mexico, the situation might be changed overnight.

POETRY

Poems of Frank Dempster Sherman (The). Edited with an Introduction by Clinton Scollard. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Posthumous Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

Retinue (The), and Other Poems. By Katharine Lee Bates. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Small Place (The): Its Landscape Architecture. By Elsa Rehmann. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Delightful studies of the landscape possibilities of small places when treated intelligently and with imagination. Every owner or prospective owner of a suburban residence will find the book full of allurement and of helpful suggestion.

Village in Picardy (A). By Ruth Gaines. Introduction by William Allan Neilson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

A vivid picture is here given of the work of the Smith College Relief unit in France so far as it relates to the inhabitants of a single village. The sketches are personal and intimate and full of charm and sympathy.

MISCELLANEOUS

American Railway Accounting. A Commentary. By Henry C. Adams, Ph.D., LL.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $3.

How to Swim. By Annette Kellerman. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Liberty Cook Book (The). A Guide to Good Living Combined with Economy. By Bertha E. L. Stockbridge. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Here is a war cook book. "Four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar," "Two tablespoonfuls of corn syrup," "Eggless cookies," "Inexpensive ice-cream," etc., show its up-to-dateness. There are chapters on the new methods of canning and on substitute foods, and many useful ideas on conserving food without making our tables unattractive.

Physical Beauty: How to Keep It. By Annette Kellerman. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

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